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# Improvement Era

Vol. XXI

SEPTEMBER, 1918

No. 11



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah



## UNITED STATES WAR DEPARTMENT CALLS UTAH BOYS!

High School Graduates who are over 18 years of age and  
College Students liable to military service are urged to  
enter the

### Students' Army Training Corps at the University of Utah

The government desires to protect itself against a lack of  
trained men during the latter part of the war as well as  
during the re-construction period after the war. The  
Students' Army Training Corps is designed to meet this  
issue. It will prepare men for positions of leadership at  
home and abroad.

At the completion of the work, the President of the Uni-  
versity and the Commanding Officer of military tactics will  
determine for what form of military service the individual  
student is best qualified; that is, whether he should remain  
in college or whether he should go at once to an officers'  
training camp, etc.

Boys of Utah, here is your opportunity! Make your plans  
now, to serve your country by enrolling in the Students'  
Army Training Corps at the

**UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, Salt Lake City**

*Send for complete information.*

Autumn Quarter commences Sept. 26.

## Bishop John Wells

The choice of Elder John Wells as second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric by the Presidency of the Church and the Twelve, on July 18, places a worthy and competent man in a very important position which, from his long experience and faithfulness in Church work, is richly deserved. He was ordained a bishop and set apart as second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric by President Joseph F. Smith.

Elder John Wells was born in Carlton, Nottingham, England, September 16, 1864. He was a boyhood companion and playmate of Elder Arthur Winter, for many years a faithful worker in the office of the First Presidency. In fact, it was Elder Winter who was instrumental in converting him to the gospel, in England. Elder Wells while yet in England married Almena Thorpe, at Nottingham, and with his wife and babe, came to Utah, arriving here in July, 1889. After their arrival in Utah, their first desire was to be married in the House of the Lord; they received the ordinances and were married for time and eternity, by President Daniel H. Wells, at Manti.

He obtained work at the Z. C. M. I. Shoe factory and later at the wrapping desk of that great mercantile institution.

It was on the first of February, 1890, that he entered the Presiding Bishop's Office as an all-round helper, under the direction of Elder R. S. Campbell, then the chief clerk of the office. Elder Campbell having resigned the position, Elder Wells was given charge as chief clerk, in the spring of 1898. This was the year in which many radical changes took place in the methods of handling the tithes. Instead of central tithing offices with a bishop's agent in the leading stakes of the Church, the bishops of the wards were given complete control of the handling of the tithing, being supervised directly by the Presiding Bishopric. New methods of disposing of the tithing in the various wards, and placing the whole system on a cash basis was introduced, and other improvements made in the handling of the tithings of the Church.

New systems were also introduced in the method of keeping the records in the Presiding Bishop's office, the systematic and progressive scheme being set in motion which has gradually grown to the perfect system now in vogue. In all this work Elder Wells has been a leading spirit.

For ten years Elder Wells was connected with Dr. W. H. Groves Latter-day Saints Hospital, being superintendent of construction from the time the first stone was laid, June 28, 1903, until the building was opened, January 13, 1905. He was thereafter superintendent for eight years, until August, 1913, when his other duties became too heavy for him to carry both. In 1913 he was ordained a High Priest. Prior to that time he had successfully presided over the first quorum of elders of the Ensign stake for several years, and taken active part in ward work. He was chosen second counselor to President Richard W. Young of the Ensign stake, November, 1916, in which position he still acts. He has also been a member of the committee on Priesthood study from its organization. A faithful member of the Church, a worker of almost unequalled energy and persistence, reliable, exact, trustworthy, and faithful in all the responsibilities and duties that have been placed upon him, he is specially worthy and qualified for his present great trust.





**BISHOP JOHN WELLS**  
Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## The Spirit of Song

*By J. H. Paul, Professor of Natural Science, University of Utah*

There are people who maintain that the spirit of song, which is natural to youth, can be rekindled and kept burning in later life. Others ask, "Is it worth while, after all, to keep alive the spirit of song? Such lightness of heart, it is argued, may be natural to youth only. Why should the busy man still sing? or the despondent one dream? or the aged still feel young? Let the poets, artists, novelists, dramatists, persist in dreaming and in singing if they must; but in this work-a-day world most people have other business." These questions, these doubts, these skeptical arguments, I shall endeavor to answer.

### *Lest the Song Die Out*

The admonition which an unknown poet has voiced to the American people is applicable to the argument presented in this article:

"When the song's gone out of your life,  
Which you thought might last to the end;—  
The first sweet song of the heart,  
Which no other days can lend;—  
The song of the bird to the trees,  
The song of the wind to the flowers,  
The song which the heart sings low to itself  
When it wakes in life's morning hours:—  
You can start no other song; not even a tremulous note  
Will falter forth on the empty air;  
It dies in your aching throat;  
It is all in vain that you try,  
When the spirit of song has fled;  
As the nightingale sings no more to the rose  
When the beautiful flower is dead."

For parents and teachers the questions are: Shall the children be permitted to know for themselves something of that

which inspired the poets—something of the reality, the truth, the beauty of nature? If you will consult the writings of Maeterlinck, Audubon, Emerson, Kirkham, Gilbert White, Burroughs, Thoreau, Thomson—to mention only a few of the greater nature writers—or some of the modern psychologists, you shall find a convincing answer. They demonstrate that, for true educational purposes, the book of nature excels all other books, and that working with nature is the best kind of manual and vocational training for the child, as well as for all others.

### *What Youth Should Know*

It is not, however, the number of facts, but the emotions aroused by their meaning, wonder, and use that are worth most.

“A mist on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tint of the corn fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden-rod,—  
Some of us call it autumn;  
Others call it God.”—*Caruth*.

Young people should learn not alone to know, but also to love, the things of nature; and of the two, the second is the more important. For lack of knowledge may be remedied when the attitude is right; but there is no method known of replacing the spirit of song that goes out of life, if ever we lose delight in the things “that thrilled our hearts in youth.” The child’s early love of “the orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,” the fascination of viewing the lights in the bright and brooding sky, the wonder attaching to the life of the fair and bounteous earth—can these interests be restored if once they have been destroyed? We cannot say. Therefore, let us beware of permitting the spirit of song to depart from younger lives, even if no song remains in our own.

“The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
But the light of the great earth dies  
With the dying sun.

“The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
And the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.”

### *Genius and the Commonplace*

The common mind can affirm with force only by means of oaths or by asseverations linked with that which is high or mighty. Genius uses choice words and no oaths; its illustra-

tions and means of emphasis are drawn from objects that are near at hand. The mature poet is as much impressed by the voice and industry of the bee as by the music of the spheres and the splendors of the starry heavens:

“And when abroad in summer morn,  
I hear the blithe, bold bee,  
Winding aloft his tiny horn—  
An errant knight is he!—  
That winged hunter of rare sweets  
O’er many a far countree,  
To me a tale of love repeats;  
It’s subject—thee!—*Motherwell.*”

The true artist does not need to travel abroad or to spacious estates in order to find beauty; for it lies nearby, at the door of



*A Cottage Home High in the Hills*

the humblest cottage. The real painter does not greatly prefer the scenic wonders of the Yellowstone, the majesty of the Colorado, the weird mysteries of painted deserts, or sculptured pinnacles of the mighty West, to the little river that flows through his native village. Even Delacroix, whose pictures suggest that he had an inborn love for striking and spectacular kinds of beauty, wrote from a shabby suburb of Paris that “the poorest



little alley, with its straight, leafless saplings, in a dull and flat horizon, can say as much to the imagination as the most be-praised of sites. This tiny cotyledon piercing the earth, this violet shedding its first whiff of perfume, I love as much as the pines of Italy."

### *Where Beauty Abides*

So, whenever we stand fascinated before a Corot landscape, the scene looks familiar, as if we had viewed it before. It was always the tender grace that hovered about his own home that he painted with most fidelity and perfection; and he declares that he prefers the humblest parts—"my leaves and my little birds." What shall we say of persons who run about, summer after summer, in search of new landscapes to admire? *Do* they love nature? If they did, they would not travel so much. They are merely one-sided—intoxicated with "conspicuous natural effects, which they call scenery." No one can disprove Emerson's declaration that "though we travel the world over to find beauty, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in beholders." This American never had to leave his own half-acre in order to find beauty that thrills and satisfies the soul:

"Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still;  
It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird;  
Not only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of woman heard;  
But in the meanest, darkest things,  
There's always, always, something sings."

### *The Real Admirer*

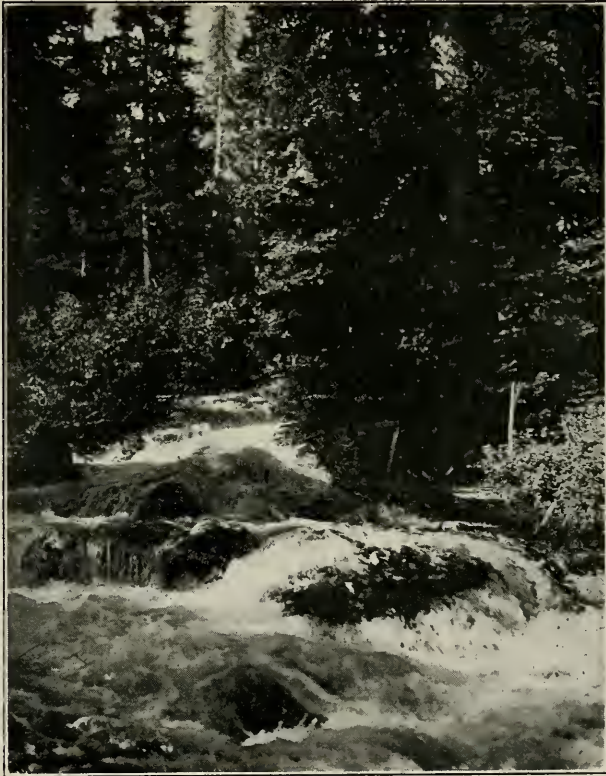
"If a thing really appeals to us," writes Mrs. VanRensselaer, "the better we know it, the more we care about it. The lover of nature has his favorite corners of the world, as he has his friends; and does not constantly exchange them for others, or perpetually contrast their attractions with those of others. If every one admires them, his joy in them is increased; but if he is almost alone in his appreciation, this fact is the source of special pleasure and pride. When he drives through a beautiful new country, his eyes are perpetually charmed; but when he drives through the roads around his home, his *heart* is touched and his imagination stirred by the beauty of past years as well as by the beauty of today, and by the hope that next year's beauty will also bring. Each tree is a friend, each bush has a special message for his ear, each flower is the child of flowers he



knew last summer." The habit of gadding abroad in order to see the tallest tree, or climb the highest mountain, or travel on the fastest train, or meet the strongest man, or shake hands with the most noted Chinaman, Hindoo, or Persian—what is all this madness on the part of certain of our countrymen except an open advertisement to the world that these travelers lack true culture and appreciation?

*The Mark of Wisdom*

Well does Solomon say that "Wisdom is before the face of him that hath understanding; but the eyes of a fool are in the



*A Sparkling Stream in the Wasatch Mountains*

ends of the earth." The soul serene is no wanderer. It dwells in beauty, and does not need to go abroad to find its arcadian bowers, for they are near at hand, even at our own doors. Why is the average man so restless? Goethe asks, "Why so bustle

the people, and cry?" If we must have grand scenery, is there anything to surpass our own mountain heights and canyon dells, our crystal lakes and mysterious Dead Sea? Are not Western wild flowers as beautiful as those of Persia and the East? Do not the hermit thrush, the canyon wren, the water ouzel, the solitaire, the meadowlark, the kinglet, sing as gloriously here "at the first sweet dawn of day" as do the nightingale and the skylark in distant lands? Or is it that other people are better than our own?

"Where are the men like Western men?—  
So strong, so true, they be!  
And where are maids like Western maids?—  
So fair, so pure, so free!"

Why should it be necessary for commercial clubs to adopt the slogan, "See America first?" Simply because our false and superficial modes of education have not opened to our eyes, our hearts, our ears, our souls, the beauty and wonder, the music and melody, the drama, the comedy, the tragedy, of the world-life everywhere about us, hidden, as it were, in "other worlds than ours." It is chiefly the study of nature that confers this inestimable power of finding beauty in the commonplace, interest at our own doors, fascinating lessons in the meanest flower that blows, and instruction from the most obscure insect of the field.

### *Inspiration of the Poets*

Can there be any doubt as to the sources of the inspiration of the fine mind whose first production, "Thanatopsis," opens with: "To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language." So Bryant began his career as a poet. Mrs. Southey thus explains the basis of poetry:

"For well I know this fond heart finds  
A music in the running rills,  
A voice upon the Western winds,  
A shadow on the misty hills,  
Which, if it were some colder thing,  
Streams, woods, and mountains would not bring.

"Yet not for worlds would I resign  
This weak, fond poet-heart of mine;  
It maketh me creation's heir  
To all that's beautiful and fair;  
It binds me with a secret tie  
To the sweet lilies of the field;  
It links me to the star-lit sky;  
It speaks to wild birds passing by;  
And lets me look upon the book  
Of life's great mysteries unsealed."

*Mind in Nature*

Some such feelings are probably experienced by all persons. The emotions due to, or arising from, the mere perception of the beauty, the wonder, and the power of nature are not confined to impressionable and artistic minds. The latter classes, however, are more susceptible to, and more often moved to expression by, the mysterious spirit that permeates air, earth, and sea. Those of duller imagination and lower mentality may miss these delights. Much of the painting, the poetry, and the music of civilization is but an expression of the broad and more obvious results of the action of nature upon persons of artistic or emotional temperament. A sort of natural religion, which seeks to deify the powers or chief objects of nature, arises in the minds of men in the absence of other religious training, while it also accompanies and seems inseparable from the highest forms of religious belief.

Such is the effect of nature's action upon what we may term the average man—the person not specially or highly trained in any branch of nature knowledge. When, however, one studies the laws of nature in any well established science, the hold of the natural upon the mind is much more accentuated. To the scientifically trained, the “something” that sings in nature is not limited to living things. The physical world, as well as the realm of life, is found to be permeated with thought. Science is mainly an interpretation of the thought expressed by things. Nature, as far as we can judge, is without ears, eyes, senses, feelings, intellect; yet it is permeated with a thought, feeling, and music, that appeal mightily to some minds. Nature is intelligible, that is, it can be understood; and this is simply to say that it is a system of thought, of mind, of meaning. It is permeated with reason, and has its aims and ideals. These are embodied in its forms, in its very materials, in the elements which compose these materials, and more especially in its orderly processes—its fixed, exact, and unvarying laws.

*Nature a Revelation*

Is it likely that the meaning which we find in nature was put there or came there for the entertainment and instruction of nature itself? Certainly not, since we know of only one class of beings that can understand reasons, aims, order, ideals, and laws, such as we discover in natural phenomena. It is only mankind, the spiritual or thinking species, that understands. Man, who is, in intellect and spirit, above nature, is in this respect supernatural. Though man is thus above the strictly natural realm, he yet finds in it something akin to himself—something that is the result of thought, purpose, and aim. Man discovers

in nature certain results that suggest the operations of a spirit or intelligence or personality (whichever you will). Some power seems to be directing the course of nature to certain definite ends, as if for the realization of the ideals which stand out as part of the product of the operations of natural forces. All investigators discover something that suggests mind and will at work with nature, but they differ in the names they give to the force or the thing that they find working so intelligently. "Some of us call it autumn, others call it God."

The fact that we discover mind in nature is probably the main or basic reason for the delight which every one experiences in any sustained investigation of the laws and operations of nature. What we find is something akin to our own reason and power, yet superior; it works much more perfectly and is apparently unlimited (infinite) in the sphere of its operations and in the amount and duration of its power. The mind and power indicated by nature are, in fact, so much greater than our own that simply to discover and to comprehend the laws or modes of operation of this power is the greatest glory of the human intellect. To refrain from the study of nature would therefore be to neglect to consider the revelation of the Supreme Wisdom which it manifestly contains, and which it is always forcing upon our attention.

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## A Friend

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*By Ezra J. Poulsen*

I had a friend who was true and tried; for through all the enchanted years of blossoming youth, we trod the hills and vales of life together. At manhood's dawn this friend of mine joined the vanguard of a great cause—the cause of human liberty. Willingly and cheerfully he went into the battle line. He went, not as a servant forced by the iron hand of a master, not as one drunk with a lust for the blood of his fellow-men, but as a citizen soldier, equipped with a true conception of eternal justice, and armed in the defense of a righteous cause. He was a friend and companion of the brave, a protector of the weak, and the scourge of cowards. Trusted and loved by all who knew him, this man was an honor to his country and his God. He met the onrush of the enemy with an eager eye, and with an arm strong and steady. It was a hapless foe that met his steel. But in the crash and storm of the conflict he was borne down. And there, on the molten crest of the battle's wave, he died.

There are many things that man may do to win the gratitude of his fellows, but the sacrifice of life is the supreme test of all. It is the test that made the Master suffer the agonies of Gethsemane. And, to use his own words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." Let me say, as the world groans under this great cataclysm of the nations: All honor to him who dies that we might live, and be free!

*Garden City, Utah.*



# Dorothy's Career

*By Annie D. Palmer*

"I can't do it, Dan, not now. I've thought about it night and day since you were here two weeks ago. I've sized up every phase of the situation as it appears to me, and I have reached the conclusion at last that I would better stay with my school. One year more will put me through college, and then the institution will help me by advancing money for a year in a good eastern school where I can specialize—"

"And how long do you bind yourself to the institution in order to get this help in specializing?"

"Only for five years after my return, Dan. And think of the salary they will pay me! Why, I can build a home in five years!"

Dorothy laughed lightly as she spoke of building a home, but the man did not laugh. Ever since Dorothy Ames came into his circle of acquaintance nearly three years before, he had known that some day he would ask her to be his wife. Two weeks ago he had been suddenly called home by the serious illness of his mother. On the evening of his departure, while he waited for his train he had gone to Dorothy with his sorrow. It had not been his intention to propose to her that night; but her sympathy had been so tender, her expressions of regard so unmistakable, that it came as a perfectly natural impulse from the great warm heart that had been preparing for it from the first.

Dorothy had deferred the answer until his return. She had known, too, that some day she must say yes or no to this man in answer to the most important question man ever asks of woman; but she had not expected it just yet, and the answer was not ready.

The strong, handsome Dan Lundy could have put the same question to any one of a score of other girls whom he met daily in hall or class-room, and have received on the instant the answer he hoped to get from Dorothy. But Dorothy was different. Yes, he knew she was different, and it was because he knew it that Dan wanted to marry Dorothy and not one of the score of others.

"One year to finish college," the young man began in a tone of disappointment, "one year to specialize in sewing, five years of teaching to build a home. That's seven years. Well, Jacob

waited seven years for Rachel and worked for Laban all the while besides. Dorothy, I can wait for you seven years, and in the meantime I can build a home. I had hoped that we could be married soon—this year when I had finished college; but when a man asks a woman to become his wife he usually leaves it to her to set the time, so—”

“But I am not setting a time, Dan. In fact when the time is as far off as seven years, I think there should exist no promise between us.”

“Do you mean, Dorothy—great heavens, woman—you can’t mean that you will never—that you do not love me, after all?”

“Love you?” Her round blue eyes opened wide in astonishment at the question—she and Dan had told their love so many times in the past months before she became infatuated with the thought of a career. “You know, Dan, that I love you better than any one else in the world!”

He clasped her in his arms and tenderly kissed her forehead.

“My Dorothy,” he said, “now you are my own little girl again. I thought you must be fooling me about the seven years. Say that you will marry me next fall and see me hustle through these two months of school in one, so that I can get out into the world of work—say that it will be next week and see me quit school here and now and go wild in the joy of beginning to take care of you.”

For a moment the girl closed her eyes upon the career, and reveled in the blissful joy of her lover’s embrace—for a moment only.

“Dan!” she exclaimed, struggling to free herself, “you misunderstand me! I do love you better than anyone else in the world, but I cannot marry you.”

Suddenly the man released her, earnestly, almost sternly he answered her:

“The fact that you refuse to be my wife is proof that you do not love me. True, I am not rich; but you are not mercenary. True, my position in life is humble; but you are not proud. As to my morals, my honor, my manhood, they are above reproach. I say it not boastfully, Dorothy, but to show you that only your lack of love could be a hindrance to our union—you *do not love me*.”

“Dan, you don’t understand. I—”

“Yes, I do understand. School is more to you than love; booklore is more than happiness; a career is more than life. goodbye, then. I must seek elsewhere for the joy I hoped to find in your love. Since first I knew you, you have been the one woman in the world to me—I told my mother about you, about

my hope in you, before she died, and she blessed you with almost her dying breath."

The strong man broke down in sobs and tears. The girl looked on pityingly but made no answer. The powerful plea of love had well nigh overcome her but she resisted it stubbornly and felt now that she had conquered. Presently the man arose and she handed him his hat.

"Goodbye," he whispered hoarsely, and was gone.

"That settles it," she said aloud when she heard the gate click after the sound of his departing footsteps.

"Settles what?" asked her friend Mona Willis coming in through a rear door just in time to hear the emphatic remark.

"Settles everything between me and Dan," answered Dorothy. He has just said goodbye."

"Dorothy! You sent him away?"

"Well, not exactly. He made me choose between him and school, and—"

"You chose school? Dorothy how could you?"

"Really, Mona, I don't know. I suppose, though, that I was meant for an old maid—it seems to be in me. Just half close your eyes now and take a look at my future. Five years from now, a prim, sober teacher wholly absorbed in showing young women how to make their own dresses, laces, and boudoir caps; five years more, a little primer, considerably more sober, and inclined to be cross; another five years, crankiness added to crossness, still teaching and beginning to extend courtesy to the big, yellow cat still another five—that's twenty isn't it—shoved out of school to make room for some little miss more up-to-date, at outs with everybody except the cat. I see the picture, a little gray-haired woman, her thin, sad face rested on her shriveled hands, her lips slowly, sorrowfully saying, 'It has come to this!' Oh, well, the world needs a few old maids, else where would the poor cats find comfort? Be good to Dan, will you, Mona? I am so sorry to have hurt him."

"Well, I'd certainly like an opportunity to be good to Dan. Maybe there will be a show for some one else, now that you have declared yourself a candidate for spinsterhood."

The children came into the room now, and Dorothy's mother, so the subject was dropped. Dorothy was very sure her mother would not approve of her course. It were best, therefore to talk it over with that dear confidante when they were alone.

The next year was a very busy one for Dorothy Ames. She carried a heavy course in school, and did her own and the family's sewing besides, in order to save as much money as possible for the following year, which she was to spend in New York.

On frequent occasions young men of the school sought to gain her favor, for Dorothy was very popular; but none of them got further than a warm friendship. Having refused to marry Dan Lundy no other suitor could even receive consideration. She was graduated with the highest honors, and teachers and classmates felt a thrill of pride when her report was given. She had never been unprepared in a recitation, she had not gone below ninety in an examination, she had not missed a day, nor been late at a single class. No wonder the faculty would pick her out and send her to take advanced work as a preparation for years of future service. For years of service? Yes, she "signed up" for five before she went to New York in the following August.

In New York it was mostly grind—so little time, so much to learn, so short of money. At Christmas time she read in the home paper that Mona Willis and Dan Lundy were married. If she felt a pang of regret she could have it out with herself. There was no one to whom she could tell her troubles. A few days later there was a letter from Mona.

"I am so perfectly happy," Mona wrote, "in the love of my noble husband. There never was a man more honorable, more trusted. You know how handsome he is, but you never can imagine his kindness and consideration. Of course, I know he never would have even looked at me had you not refused to marry him. Dorothy, dear, you don't know how perfectly delighted I am that you didn't want him. Maybe that is selfish in me but trust me I shall do all I can to make Dan satisfied. I hope you are enjoying your studies and I know you will succeed; but I wouldn't give up Dan to be the head lady of the biggest department of Domestic Art in America. Let girls have a career who delight in it, but home and love and family ties for me."

"Maybe she is right," Dorothy said with a weary sigh. "At any rate her letter has made me homesick, and I am more lonely tonight than I ever dreamed I could be. It may be Mona is right! Home and love and family ties! Shall I ever know the real meaning of those words? I might have known but—"

"Dorothy!" It was the voice of another weary woman that called from across the hallway. "Let's spend a dime and treat ourselves to a picture show tonight."

"All right, Madge. I'm so tired and lonesome that I'll go to two picture shows if you say so!"

"Oh, no, dearie, one at a time and they'll last longer. Remember we agreed on only two this month."

We shall not follow Dorothy through the changeful years of her successful career. Her professional work was all that had been hoped for it. The department grew in popularity and



efficiency. Girls came and studied and loved their work and went out into the world to scatter the fruits of her refining influence. And she was sought and honored among the councils of women. And Dorothy used to compare her life with the life of her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Snow.

"I simply wouldn't stand such a life of drudgery, mother," she said one day when she and Mrs. Ames sat sewing on the cool porch. "I couldn't, that's all!"

"Mrs. Snow seems very happy," answered her mother.

"A woman who can be happy under those conditions certainly deserves her happiness. Six little boys, and poverty showing his ugly visage in every nook and corner. Why, mother, she actually puts little Jim and Scott to bed while she washes and mends their overalls! And Belva could have married Harvey Maynes with money that he doesn't know what to do with."

"Misfortune might have come to Harvey Maynes as it did come to Arthur Snow. Anyway Belva's family are much better off as it is."

"Better off in abject poverty, mother? How better off?"

"Has it never occurred to you, my dear, the worth of a noble fatherhood? Why, I'd rather have my children inherit keen intellect, worthy character, and sound physique, than to have them inherit a crown. Look at little Jim and Scott and all the rest of Belva's boys. Did you ever see children more perfectly formed? Did you ever see children with better shaped heads, with more honesty in their eyes, with more intelligence in their faces? To me those little fellows look clean and beautiful through and through."

"They really do look clean, even when they are dirty," Dorothy admitted.

She thought it all over again that night after she had gone to bed, and once again came up from her heart the weary sigh and into her mind the more than half accepted truth of long ago. "Perhaps Belva Snow is right," she murmured. "She has given to her boys the best heritage—a noble fatherhood—Mona's boys also have—I'd rather have my children inherit a keen intellect—no dirt on your face, is there, Jim? It's true—you have been the one woman in the world to me—" and Dorothy fell asleep and dreamed of some of the happy school days when she and Dan Lundy were sweethearts. Ah, lonely maiden fast merging into spinsterhood! Is there so little in the present, so little in the future that your needs must go back into the years that are gone to find your pleasures? Happy, indeed, is it for you, if you do not also find pain and sorrow there!

\* \* \*

Dorothy's mother had been dead seven years. All her brothers and sisters had married and were busy with their own affairs. Even her father had found the old home too lonely after her mother's death and was married again. Dorothy had lived with her sisters, had boarded out with strangers, had kept house with students, and finally had built and furnished a cosy little home of her own where she could rest when school work was over and "do as she pleased."

And now she really could do just as she pleased. She realized that and realized too that doing exactly as one pleases is not always the pleasantest thing in the world to do. Nobody ever said, "You are working too long this evening," or, "That is too heavy for you to lift," or, "you must lie in bed until you feel better." Nobody minded that the snow was piled deep from her door to the gateway, that the coal bucket was empty, that an old red cow had broken the fence down. She knew that so long as she did her work well her check would be given her at the end of the month; but she also knew that there must come a time when she would be too weary to work, when her public activity must cease. She knew that she was respected among the girls; but she also knew that pity was taking the place of love; that many of the girls wondered why so capable a woman should be living her life alone. And when she would come home in the afternoon and spread a snowy napkin on one corner of the kitchen table and place thereon a shining knife and fork, a plate, and a dainty cup and saucer, she used to be positively nervous lest some friendly neighbor happening in, should express sympathy because she sat at her meal in solitude.

It seemed to be everywhere now, that feeling of being alone—in the biggest crowds the most obviously alone; and with it came the idea of being really nobody after all, because connected with nobody. Very, very often now came the weary sigh. Yet to herself the woman admitted it.

"Yes, Mona was right, and Belva was right. I have had my career. It is well nigh ended, and I am alone. They have their husbands, their children, and love. Ah, they are rich while I, alas, am poor indeed!"

And Dorothy spoke truly, even though she did not know that Mona now looked down from heaven on the sorrowing husband and the seven children she had left motherless.

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"One of our students is critically ill at the hospital," the president announced one morning in chapel. "She is one of the most faithful students we have in school, Charlotte Lundy. We will remember her this morning in our prayers."

The president led in prayer and every heart was raised in sincere and fervent supplication for the stricken girl.

That evening Dorothy Ames visited the patient at the hospital and there renewed her acquaintance with the man she once had loved. He told her of the death of his wife two years before and his sobs and tears reminded her of that other parting when she had chosen a career. Several times after that she met the anxious father when she went to visit Charlotte at the hospital. He greeted her respectfully always, but with a cold reserve that pained her. How could it be otherwise? Was the man to know that she was lonely?

In a few weeks Charlotte came back to school and it was then that it occurred to Miss Ames that the young girl was taking no work in the sewing classes. Dorothy wondered if this were the father's arrangement, if he objected to having his daughter come under her influence. She determined to find out.

"Why don't you take some of the needle-work courses? she asked Charlotte one day when she had sought her out at the close of a recitation.

"Father objects," the girl answered frankly. "He says the best woman he ever knew, next to mama, ruined her life and wrecked her eternal happiness by choosing sewing instead of cooking."

"Just tell your father for me, Miss Lundy, that the woman knows and regrets it most bitterly; but he ought to let you learn to make a shirt waist for all that."

That was near the close of the first semester. The second semester opened and still no Charlotte in the sewing classes. Dorothy wondered more and more. If only she could find a chance to talk with him!

The chance came at conference time three months later. Going into the tabernacle early for the Saturday morning session she saw him sitting apart.

"May I sit by you?" she asked.

"Certainly. The seats are not reserved."

"There was a time when you would have kept one for me."

"Yes. Before you—" he hesitated.

"Before I 'ruined my life and wrecked my eternal happiness,' " she quoted.

There was an awkward silence.

"How are the children?" Dorothy asked.

"Getting along very well," he answered. "Better than I could have hoped.

"You don't need a housekeeper, then?"

"I really do but I can't afford to hire one. My expenses have been very heavy of late."

"You might get a housekeeper for very little money," she ventured timidly.

"I suppose so, if we could put up with a cheap kind."

"An old maid, for instance, who had followed a career until she had found that it held nothing for her but heartache."

Dorothy's heart was beating audibly. What would Dan Lundy think of this boldness. Was it unwomanly? If so the position must justify the offense. She had wounded this man sorely in years gone by. He would never dream of renewing his offer, yet now he needed her and she longed to make "her eternal happiness" secure.

He caught the tremor in her voice and wondered.

"You jest, Miss Ames," he replied. "Old maids who have followed careers demand the very highest of wages."

"But if there was one who cared for you—one who had foolishly given you up once in the long ago—one who—"

"Miss Ames, Dorothy, what do you mean? Will you come to my home, to my heart? Will you be my wife at last?"

"Well, I'm sick and tired of the career, you are the only man I have ever loved and—"

"After three times seven years!"

\* \* \*

"Come, come ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,  
But with joy wend your way."

The whole congregation was singing the well known hymn. Dorothy joined in it gladly but Daniel Lundy had much to do to keep his mind upon the service.

Some time before the meeting closed Miss Ames remembered that she had not talked to Charlotte's father about her sewing. But that could wait.

They were married the following spring. In the records of the county Daniel Lundy was recorded as aged forty-five and Dorothy Ames Lundy, as forty-three. No baby lips ever again lisped, "Mama," in the Lundy home; but "Aunt Dorry" became at once the idol of the little family that had from their father the precious heritage of *keen intellect*, worthy character, and sound physique.

*Provo, Utah*



# Temple Ordinances Blessings and Responsibilities

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By D. M. McAllister, Temple Recorder

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A developing interest in the performance of Temple ordinances in behalf of the dead is manifest by the greatly increased attendance of the Latter-day Saints in the temples already erected, and in the anxiety shown for early completion of the other temples now under construction. There should also be a correspondingly desirable interest, especially among the younger members of the Church, to procure those essential ordinances in their own behalf.

It may be there are some who have not yet sought for participation in those ordinances, because not sufficiently impressed with the importance and value thereof. We desire to say to all such that the Temple ordinances are requisite to the salvation of the living and the dead. This solemn fact was clearly made known to the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith. He said, "The question is frequently asked, 'Can we not be saved without going through with all these ordinances, etc.?' I would answer, No, not the fulness of salvation." He also declared, "All men who become heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ will have to receive the fulness of the ordinances of his kingdom; and those who will not receive all the ordinances will come short of the fulness of that glory, if they do not lose the whole." (See article on this subject in the *Improvement Era*, September, 1917.)

Living boys and girls as young as sixteen years of age may receive endowments in the Temple in their own behalf if, in each case, the character and condition of the individual is such that the bishop feels justified in issuing a recommend for that purpose. Certain it is that the bishop is always glad to be able to issue such recommends to those who, by faithfulness, prove themselves worthy of the great privilege and distinction of being permitted to enter the sacred House of the Lord.

There are some members of the Church who, for lack of proper understanding of the ceremonials associated with Temple ordinances, hesitate about applying for an opportunity to engage therein, fancying, perhaps, that there may be something too difficult, or objectionable, in obligations assumed, for them to com-

ply with. Knowledge of the details of those ceremonies, etc., is imparted in the Temple only, but the testimony of tens of thousands of individuals who have participated in those holy ordinances is that everything connected therewith is heavenly in character, pure, virtuous, sublime, exalting, not difficult or objectionable to comply with, only requiring obedience to the laws of God, inculcating love for him and all humanity, imparting knowledge of divine truths, and clearly showing the candidate the way to eternal life, progression and happiness, truly an experience more desirable than any others obtainable in this earthly life. The knowledge thus imparted, and divine blessings authoritatively sealed, give to each individual, through faithfulness, protection from harm and danger, with increased power to resist evil and to do good, adding to their joy in this life an assurance of celestial glory in association with their loved ones hereafter. Those who receive endowments in their own behalf are then qualified to act as proxies in that and other ordinances in behalf of the dead, and may thus be numbered among the redeemed who are designated in scripture as "Saviors on Mount Zion," "joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Is it possible to conceive of a more exalted and glorious destiny?

The Prophet Joseph Smith made known the great and important fact that Jesus Christ himself obtained his divine power and authority "by keeping all the commandments and obeying all the ordinances of the House of the Lord." The New Testament history refers specifically to his baptism, but there is no doubt that, in accordance with his often expressed determination to do the will of his heavenly Father in all things, he humbly, as in that instance, obeyed *every* other commandment, law and ordinance essential to salvation and exaltation, and set the example of need for all mankind to do the same.

These things are specially submitted for the consideration of young members of the Church who are eligible, but who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain the glorious blessings conveyed by the Temple ordinances. It does seem as if each one should be led by a most intense desire to secure a fulness thereof for themselves, and to impart the same to their dead kindred and friends.

"The greatest responsibility in this world that God has placed upon us is to seek after our dead." This declaration was made by Joseph Smith the Prophet and all believers in the divinity of his mission, should accept their share of this great responsibility. The proper and best method to adopt for the accomplishment of this sacred and most important work can be ascertained from the circulars of instructions pertaining thereto, that are obtainable from the temples and from the Genealogical

Society of Utah. Intense joy and satisfaction are experienced by those who actively interest themselves in the work of the salvation of the dead, and the genealogical research made necessary in that connection is a source of gratification also. Family records of temple work for the dead are published, simple in construction, containing explicit details in regard to the compilation and proper keeping of the record, and it should be regarded as one of the most valuable books in the family library. A qualified member of the family should have it in charge, whose duty it would be to carefully enter therein the information needed concerning the families and individuals for whom temple work is to be or has been done. The Genealogical Society of Utah has been organized, under direction of the Presidency of the Church, expressly to assist the Latter-day Saints in the duty of securing the genealogical information that is needed for the proper identification of their kindred and all persons in whose behalf they desire temple ordinances performed. Thousands of volumes of family pedigrees, and published copies of parish records of various counties, states, and countries are now in the splendid library of the society, and these are being added to continuously. The library and business offices of the society are located in the Latter-day Saints Church Office Building, 47 East South Temple street, Salt Lake City. Those who may need assistance in the matter of procuring genealogical information, or who require help in compiling and arranging their family records for temple work, can get such aid by application to the secretary of the society.

The clerical labor connected with compiling and arranging family records of temple work, although it has been made as simple as possible in the form provided, is sometimes found to be difficult for any member of the family to satisfactorily perform. In view of this, and also because of the large and increasing number of families interested in temple ordinance work for the dead, it is recommended that, in each ward and branch of the Church, some young man or young woman should qualify to assist those who may need help in keeping the family records in proper shape. This might be made a fairly remunerative business in which some young woman or young man could be engaged in each ward. The proper methods of compiling and keeping such family records can be learned by almost any boy or girl who has passed the high school grade; one of the most essential qualities being legibility in writing. A few hours of tutelage under one of the several expert clerks engaged in such work in the Genealogical Society Library, would, if a tutor's help was needed, qualify those desirous to learn how to correctly and satisfactorily compile and arrange family records for temple ordi-

nance work. An additional advantage could be obtained, under such a tutor, by the candidate spending a sufficient length of time to become familiar with the methods employed in genealogical research in the library.

Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who, though eligible, fail to accept the ordinances available in their behalf in the House of the Lord, are guilty of voluntarily depriving themselves of a priceless blessing, freely offered by our heavenly Father for their eternal welfare. Those who can but do not actively assist in having the temple ordinances performed that are essential to the salvation of their kindred dead, by devoting some time or means to that purpose, are neglecting a sacred responsibility, and are liable to be classed among the people of the world who, the Prophet Malachi declared, would be "smitten with a curse," because their hearts were not "turned to the fathers."

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## Old Glory

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Of all the flags flung to the breeze  
 In all the lands beneath the sun;  
 Of all the flags on all the seas,  
 I claim but one, I love but one.

There may be other flags for some  
 Which seem to be of equal worth,  
 But as for me that flag spells "home"—  
 It is the dearest flag on earth.

I love Old Glory most, because  
 No king can claim her as his own,  
 And from her spring great eagle claws  
 When anyone suggests a throne.

Baptized was she in blood of men,  
 And consecrated by the tears  
 Of brave though weeping women, when  
 They sent their loved ones forth with cheers.

The men who raised that flag waged war;  
 They bled, they died without complaint;  
 They knew what they were fighting for;  
 They gave themselves without restraint.

And so it is that here and now  
 We hoist thee, old "Red, White, and Blue,"  
 And underneath thy folds we vow:  
 "We'll fight for you; we love but you."

—Read by Honorable Jacob E. Meeker, Mo., in House of Representatives.



# Pink Pearls vs. Self-Respect

*By Venice Farnsworth Anderson*

"Gee, he's coming, that means a swell time for me." Kate tucked the note, post marked "Camp Lewis," into the front of her waist and resumed chewing her gum audibly.

The diminutive postoffice, which occupied one corner of a heterogeneous country store, was crowded at this hour with young girls who lingered, on any pretense, loath to return to their homes where the vegetables for dinner and the left-over dishes were claiming their attention. So, as she had desired, Kate immediately became the center of a wildly curious group of loitering girls. After a proper amount of coaxing and delay she finally permitted the entire contents of the note to be wormed out of her.

"Yes, he is the guy that wears the white collar with his blouse. He wants to buy five of my dances in advance. I think I'll make him pay thirty cents for them," she concluded boastfully.

Kate knew her business thoroughly. She belonged to the unique class known, at the dance hall, as "Dancing Instructors." Since the Camp Lewis cantonment had been established just three miles from the National Pavilion at Tillicum, this class had become of decided importance.

Tillicum itself was merely the proverbial rural town in most respects. Besides its pretentious pavilion, nestling in a piney nook on the shore of American Lake, the village could boast only of a few scattered farm houses, a postoffice occupying one corner of a country store, a cluster of cheap restaurants with a pool-hall in their midst, a gorgeous view of Mount Rainier, in all its snowy majesty, and vast acres of rolling pine-land. The advent, however, of 40,000 soldiers in the near vicinity had not only boomed the town but had made it necessary for the pavilion management to supply a large number of young girls who were willing to act as partners to the dance crazy boys. In order to insure a permanent supply of girls the company called them "Instructors" and furnished them with badges. As a still more important incentive the management insisted that the soldiers pay these partners five cents for each

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\*This story received first place in the April, 1918 *Era* story contests.

dance. The boys were already paying five cents to the hall for every dance. To add dignity to the scheme, the business was done by ticket. Each week the Instructors turned their tickets into the Hall and received cash for them.

The company had no difficulty in securing the services of numbers of young girls who were over anxious to meet the army boys and who did not disdain earning money from them with which to buy long coveted silk hose, beads and flimsy waists. One of the first to volunteer for service had been Kate. In the past few weeks she had already increased her wardrobe in several, to her mind, important respects. She had consequently become a person of decided importance among the young feminine members of the town. Her graphic descriptions of "swell times" had with "real guys" and her no less persuasive abundance of silk hose, had already drawn several young ladies into the ranks who had at first haughtily refused to sell their dances. In fact, only one girl in the village who possessed the essential qualities of good looks and skill in dancing had remained obdurate.

Gray-eyed Beth had persisted, not because she wasn't enthusiastic about pink stockings nor because she did not love dancing, but because her widowed Daddy had expressed violent disapproval of the thing, and because she was not quite sure herself that it was perfectly all right to dance with strange boys for money. For the past few weeks she had regretfully stayed away from the dances. Many of her former friends failing to draw her in with them, had assumed a highly disinterested air whenever with her; some of them were almost unfriendly. She had noticed that the conversations ceased abruptly when she drew near a group of chatting girls. She was an outsider and she felt it keenly. Today in the postoffice she had noticed the aloofness more than usual. She wished that she had chosen a different time to come for her mail.

Just when she was trying to get away unnoticed, she felt a friendly arm slip through hers, and heard one of the girls saying in a persuasive voice, "You'll be at the dance to-morrow, won't you, Beth?" This touch of kindness, coming just then from one of her favorite friends, was too much for Beth.

"Why, yes—I was thinking of it," she said falteringly.

"Good—girls!—Beth is coming with us tomorrow night," announced the friend with sincere pleasure.

Immediately Beth was surrounded by the chatting girls, each one congratulating and patting her. Before she knew how any of it had happened, it was all arranged that Kate would call for her the next night and would bring an extra Instructor's badge with her.

Saturday night, as the heavy lumber doors leading into the pavilion slammed behind Beth, she felt strange and frightened. Everything here was changed. The once familiar building was jammed with noisy swaggering soldiers. A host of gay colored flags arranged in wild confusion hit her eye wherever she turned. The check stand had been increased to twice its normal size, and every pigeon hole was already bulging with soldiers' coats. The windows on the three sides of the room seemed to recede into dingy twilight as if afraid to face the boisterous throng. The monotonous slap-slap of cards in the process of dealing, could be heard distinctly from the balcony overhead. Across what had once been the bar, a strange lady, dressed in a rather low-necked waist, was selling loads of candy to the boys. She smiled constantly, but kept her eye "peeled" nevertheless for the coins which were slipped over the counter. Just above her head was a large black square upon which appeared the following words in startling, white type:

"Decency—Remember Your Sister May Be Here."

Beth flushed hotly as she read the sign, and unconsciously laid her hand over the red badge which she was wearing.

Unexpectedly the orchestra, stationed on a small platform in the middle of the dance hall struck up an excruciating Jass one-step. Instantly hilarity was the order of the day. Just at this point Beth realized to her dismay that she had been deserted by Kate. She was suddenly seized with the intense desire to run and hide somewhere—anywhere. She looked furtively toward the cloak hall and started hastily in that direction. In spite of the throng on all sides of her she suddenly felt a restraining hand on her arm. She turned quickly her heart beating so fast that it almost choked her. A pleasant looking soldier was offering her a ticket and smiling bashfully. Because she did not know what on earth else to do, she quickly disposed of her coat, thrust the ticket into her pocket, accepted his proffered arm and walked unsteadily toward the dance floor.

This she noticed to her surprise, had been securly roped off, the only access being through several iron gateways, each supplied with a small ticket box and with a watchful gate-keeper. Her partner pushed her gently forward and dropped his ticket in the box as they passed through the gate.—The dance was on.

The cheerful strains of the music and the rhythmical motion of their feet, fortunately they were both excellent dancers, had an exhilarating effect on Beth's naturally gay spirit. By the time the dance was half over she felt almost happy. She talked about the floor, the music and the changes in the hall to her partner, and he grinned approvingly

at her. She watched her girl friends as they whirled by her, from time to time, and found herself studying their clothes critically. Kate wore a gaudy creation of flesh-colored gorgette and black velvet. Beth thought the neck was none too high and the sleeves were rather a minus quantity. All the girls were wearing new waists, new shoes, or at least bright-colored stockings. A few of them had suddenly become the possessors of extraordinary pink cheeks and dark eye lashes. Beth felt a very friendly feeling toward the boy who had picked her out in spite of her plain white waist and black hose.

As unexpectedly as the music had started it stopped. Beth's partner led her to a comfortable seat by the furnace stove in the fore part of the hall, thanked her, bowed stiffly and withdrew. One by one the other girls came up. Most of them said something sweet and rather patronizing to her. She knew they were inwardly comparing clothes with her, to her very great disadvantage. Beth was blessed with goodly supply of well seasoned spunk, so instead of feeling offended and miserable, she took up the gauntlet which her friends had innocently thrown down. She realized that she could dance with the best of them, and she deliberately decided to make agreeableness take the place of showy clothes. To her credit, she was blissfully unconscious of her mass of golden brown hair, her deep gray eyes fringed with lashes which needed no touching up, and a mouth possessed of the most elusive and tantalizing dimples in the world.

The orchestra burst forth again tumultuously. Kate was immediately beckoned to. She stood up, assumed an extremely blase expression and smiled a—"see how popular *I* am" smile at Beth as she passed her.

Beth's cheeks flushed slightly. Before she could get complete control of herself, someone touched her suggestively on the shoulder. She understood what it meant instinctively and scarcely glancing at the man, she went on to the floor with him. The excitement of the moment lent wings to her feet and also to her tongue. She could have danced and talked with the most stupid of men that night.

At the end of a furious pivot, which she executed with perfect skill, she heard her partner ask coaxingly, "Say, Miss, can I have the next three dances?"

Beth didn't exactly like the way he squeezed her hand as he slid the tickets into it, he was a trifle fat and had thick lips, but she reasoned that since he seemed to be a gentleman it would be all right to dance with him. She knew that to make such a contract was the height of an Instructor's ambition. As



she walked to her seat, her hand closed slowly over the tickets.

Just as she approached the rough wooden bench by the fire, a tall, sinewy sergeant with clear, blue eyes and a straight, boyish mouth smiled politely and vacated his seat for her. When he smiled, Beth noticed that he had splendid teeth which made his mouth decidedly attractive. She did not notice however, that he had slid into the seat just in time to be able to offer it to her. Once she caught him looking at her with such an intent, sober expression in his blue eyes, that she blushed profusely and for some reason felt painfully conscious of her badge. She knew that he was still looking at her after she had turned away.

With a wild flourish the orchestra started on the Fox-trot, her favorite dance. She had suddenly lost all desire to dance. With a selfish impulse, she wished that the drummer would break his drum and the whole string of battered frying pans with which he was making hideous screeches and clashes. She could see her partner grinning broadly, elbowing his way toward her. The next moment he grabbed her and hustled her on to the floor.

After a few steps she found to her disgust that he ragged the Fox-trot outrageously. To help matters out, he was maneuvering to place his cheek against hers. Just at this time, Kate whirled by cheek to cheek and arm in arm with her "swell guy." The sight was enough. Beth suddenly stiffened and tried to use the straight arm treatment on her partner. He laughed a throaty gurgle which she had never heard before and responded by grasping her more firmly at every turn. She became painfully hot from head to foot and lost the step.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked her partner gruffly. "What're you trying to give me for my money?"

Then Beth realized with unmistakable force just what it meant to accept money for a dance. If the music had not come to her rescue by stopping, she verily believed that she would have screamed for help. She loathed the man until she could not endure his touch and she feared him as she would a wild beast. Indistinctly through her buzzing ears, she could hear the crowd furiously clapping and begging for an encore. She grasped the rope which happened to be near and attempted to steady herself. Her partner mopping his streaming face with his "O. D." handkerchief was shouting, "come on—give us some more—more." And to her horror, the orchestra did an unheard of thing; it began to play an encore.

"I—I can't dance any more," gasped Beth attempting to thrust his three tickets into his sweaty hand.

"Ah, come on. You can't cheat me out of this," he bawled, trying to jerk her forward.—Beth struggled helplessly.

"I beg pardon, Corporal, but the rest of this lady's dances belong to me," said a low restrained voice behind them.

Beth turned as surprised as she was relieved. The Sergeant with the steady, blue eyes and pleasant smile was looking calm at the blustering, red-faced Corporal.

"The—they do!" responded the corporal, right facing abruptly but in no way releasing his hold on Beth. "What the—are you butting in for?"

"Because," replied the Sergeant, still calm, but his eyes were as piercing as cold steel and his mouth was no longer exactly pleasant. "Because the lady does not care to dance with you any more. She has offered you your tickets—and—," his voice dropped even lower. He leaned slightly forward, both fists clenched—"And if you don't get away from her double quick, I'll knock you across the pavilion."

A bully is usually a coward as well. The Corporal knew he was beaten. He covered his retreat with several volleys of curses, clutched the proffered tickets and disappeared into the crowd.

Beth was deathly pale. Her gray eyes looked unusually large and very dark. The Sergeant knew where she had left her coat. Without a word he brought it and slipped it on her.

"You need some fresh air," he suggested cheerfully, Meekly she permitted him to lead her out.

In the clear, cool air, she shuddered convulsively.

"Let's—let's go down by the lake," she gasped in a strained voice which she did not recognize herself.

He guided her as best he could over the unfamiliar, uneven ground. To his great relief they came soon to a crude bench on the shore of the lake. Beth sank on this and, turning her back completely on him, broke into quivering sobs. The Sergeant had read enough fiction to believe firmly in the doctrine that it is useless to interrupt a weeping girl, therefore he remained discreetly silent and completely miserable.

Gradually, in spite of the awkwardness of the situation, the wild beauty of the scene around him forced itself into his consciousness. At his feet the lake stretched out, a broad sheet of rippling silver. As far as his eye could see, stately pines adorned the irregular shores. Their jagged branches cast weird shadows on the otherwise bright water. The moon floated high in a cool sky, casting a pale light over land and sea. It touched even the crude pavilion with kindly interest, moulding its harsh outlines into an almost stately dignity. Through the open windows softened strains of music drifted over the water. Night birds chirped their occasional love notes from the depths of the forest. In the distance, water, sky and land were wedded in a perfect unity.

Nature, at least, was calm and joyful. Even the heart-broken girl could not long withstand its subtle serenity. Her sobs became intermittent and finally ceased. She remained perfectly quiet, her face buried in her arm.

The Sergeant was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable. Her silence was almost worse than her crying. He had never wished to comfort anyone so much in his life. To make bad matters worse, a truant moon beam was playing in her mass of golden brown hair, showing the intricate waves and, lighting now and then on her tiny ear, and on the soft curves of her throat. He had just about come to the conclusion that he ought to put his arm reassuringly round her and beg her to cheer up, when she suddenly sat bolt upright, her hands clenched in her lap, her gray eyes staring out across the lake.

"I hate myself," she said slowly with unfeigned passion. "Why did I ever put this cursed thing on?" The red ribbon badge lay crumpled out of all recognition in her hand. She squeezed it into a tight ball and threw it as far as she could into the lake. The friendly water wafted it slowly out of sight.

The Sergeant smiled inwardly at her tempestuous mood. He was very glad he had not put his arm around her. She was evidently not the clinging vine type and would have been highly insulted.

Before he could think of anything exactly proper to say, she suddenly accosted him. "Why don't you say something?—Honestly, I'm not that kind of girl. I never did it before and I'll never do it again."

Sergeant Freeborn laughed a soft, pleasing laugh, which made his eyes dance and his white teeth show delightfully.

"My dear girl"—he had several sisters at home and all girls were sisters to him by a sort of friendly adoption. He said "dear" as naturally as he would say "Miss," and yet there was a ring of sincerity about it which never failed to please—"My dear girl, I know you are not that kind, and that is why I wanted to get you out of there."

Beth opened her eyes wider, if possible, and stared inquiringly at him.

"I saw you when you came in the door and I knew by the startled look on your face that you were in the wrong place. I was sorry and a little disappointed, when I saw your badge." Beth's eyes suddenly lowered and her upper lip quivered slightly—The Sergeant continued soothingly, "There are probably a lot of good girls in that hall, and I know there are a lot of dandy, fine fellows, who are just crazy for a little fun. But I guess you know by this time, that there are some other fellows who are not quite so nice."—Beth shuddered at the

recollection of one of them—"It's a downright shame," continued the Sergeant, "but there are a host of men in the world, and the army got it's share, who don't seem to know what manhood means. A girl shouldn't take a chance with this kind of fellow."

Beth put her trembling hand on his arm and looked intently into his face. "I know *you* are good," she said softly. "You are different from almost any boy I ever met. Why is it, that I feel so well acquainted and so safe with you?"

Foolish sentimentality was entirely foreign to the boy's nature, and so he answered as frankly as the girl had asked, paying no attention to the rich compliment which she had given him: "In the first place, you are undoubtedly a sweet, pure girl and you have a natural aversion to anything that is not good. In the second place, I believe, I am good. My home is in Utah and I have been trained from my boyhood up, that it is a man's duty to protect and respect women. My dear mother has always told me that I should take care of a girl, if she can't take care of herself, instead of leading her on to do foolish things. But all fellows haven't been blessed with the same kind of home training."

"No, I should say not," assented Beth. Then she added half apologetically, "You see, I don't know much about men. Mother died a few years ago and I spend most of my time with Daddy. He told me not to go to these dances and I should have obeyed him. But I wanted some pink ear bobs! All the girls have them," she added pouting with true feminine discontent.

The Sergeant suddenly burst forth into a peal of laughter. This last admission was too unexpected for proper self-control.

"My dear girl, you don't need pink ear bobs," he managed to say finally, taking a side glance at her delicately shaped lobes.

A rather embarrassing silence followed, during which the Sergeant drew a mental picture of the probable state of mind of the poor, old Daddy at home. Partly to ease his mind and partly to get over the difficult silence, the boy asked politely, "Don't you think we would better be going home? I imagine your Father will be worrying about you."

"Goodness, yes!" replied Beth suddenly remembering. "I must go right now."

"Mayn't I see you home?" asked the Sergeant feeling self-conscious for the first time.

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Beth quickly. "I have taken too much of your time already. You must go back to the dance. I'll be home in a few minutes." Then remembering her indebtedness, she turned and offering him both her hands, she said



sincerely, "Thank you a thousand times for getting me out of that awful place. You don't know how grateful I am to you."

"Well, I think that hardly fair," answered the Sergeant accepting her hands but speaking in an offended tone of voice. "I am not much crazier about getting back to that place than you are."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed Beth, seeing her mistake. "If you would really like to come, I am sure Daddy would love to see you."

He didn't feel exactly complimented at her final reply, but he decided to make the most of it.

Very much before he desired, he found them nearing the neat farm house which was Beth's home. He congratulated himself that he had at least succeeded in learning her name and something of her Daddy's disposition. As they came near to the rustic, garden gate, a gray-haired man came out of the door and looked anxiously up and down the road.

"There's Daddy," Beth left the Sergeant to come on or to stay out as he saw fit and fleeing up the path, imprisoned her Father in her firm young arms. Amid a shower of kisses she made a disconnected but complete confession.

Her wise old Daddy did not say one word of reproach but patted her head tenderly and tried to pay some attention to the belated hero, who had seen fit to get half way through the gate.

"Come in, come in," the old man managed to say finally, "and tell me something about yourself. From what I gather you have been very good to my little girl."

"My name is Ray Freeborn, Sir. I live in Utah, when I am not in the army, and I did nothing but bring Miss Beth home from a party which she didn't in the least like," he answered briskly, standing at salute and smiling genially.

"Either one of these facts is enough to make you very welcome here. I am also originally from that part, and perhaps we are also of the same religious faith. Come in, we'll see if we can't find some fresh cake and a glass of milk, won't we, Betty? I imagine you don't get too much of this over at camp."

Sergeant Freeborn sitting in the best arm chair, before a glowing wood fire, with all the cake and milk which he could desire at his disposal, thoroughly believed himself to be the most fortunate man in the army, generals included. Opposite him sat Mr. Miner. Beth had coiled herself on a small stool at his side, her rebellious hair falling round her face, her elbows on her knee and her round chin tilted on her slender fingers.

Her recent trouble was forgotten for the moment. She was acting the naive but charming hostess to her Father and her new found friend.

Negotiations had been started for a chicken dinner the following Sunday. There had been no difficulty in persuading the Sergeant to accept. It took all his will-power plus his military training to tear himself loose that night in order to get back to the barracks before taps.

As the glorious Spring days came along, Mr. Miner's chicken coop became sadly depopulated, but the neatly stacked wood pile in his shed assumed astonishing dimensions. In short, Sergeant Freeborn had become a regular visitor who was not only invited but urged to stay to dinner.

Late in April, there came a momentous Saturday night. It was Beth's seventeenth birthday. After hours and hours of persuasion fraught with all manner of logic, she had finally consented to celebrate the occasion by going to the dance. Sergeant Freeborn had arrived some minutes since and was impatiently waiting in the front room, fussing with first one legging and then the other.

Unexpectedly the door opened and Beth appeared. Even to an unbiased eye she was a charming vision. Her shapely feet were shod in satin slippers, which Daddy had made a special trip to Tacoma to procure. The Sergeant couldn't tell anything about her dress except that it was made of fluffy, pink stuff which seemed to float enchantingly round her. Her hair—well it was just her golden brown, curly hair, and that was enough. Her eyes were shining with excitement and were as gray as her lips were red.

The tall, sinewy man would have given all he owned at that instant to have held her in his arms for even a minute. To add to his comfort, she danced up to him and made a deep curtsy at his feet.

"Don't I look beautiful?" she asked, teasingly, pirouetting for his inspection. "Daddy gave it to me, and I made my dress all myself."

"Do you want me to tell you just how beautiful you do look?" asked the Sergeant challengingly.

Beth glanced at him, and catching the expression in his steady, blue eyes, decided that she was on dangerous ground. She immediately hastened over to the mirror to adjust an especially stray lock.

The Sergeant laughed the soft laugh which she had learned to love, and assuming a Sir Walter Raleigh attitude, followed her up. When he had reached her side, he swung his army hat to the floor with his right hand, and on his up-turned left, he offered

her a small velvet box. "May I have the honor, Mademoiselle?" he asked in a most courtly voice.

Beth turned—"Is it for me?" she gasped in pure delight. With trembling hands she opened the small box. On the white satin lay two exquisite pink ear bobs.

"How perfectly wonderful," she breathed, her shining eyes expressing what her lips could not.

"May I?" asked the Sergeant, taking one of them from the box.

The poor boy didn't realize what a difficult though joyful task he had assumed. He began it by nearly dropping the first ear bob down her neck. Having recovered it just in time, he pulled her hair while trying to get at her ear. His next *faux pas* was to fasten the little screw too tight for even a girl's vanity. She assisted him mightily by twisting her head every instant in order to get a better view of the "darling, little pink pearls." In desperation, he threatened to take her away from the mirror altogether unless she would stand still, like a nice girl. In due time, however, both ears were decorated to everybody's satisfaction.

"Now, young lady," he said, turning her slowly around and forcing her to face him, "Those buy up all your dances. They are all mine. Do you understand?"

The searching smile in his eyes made her blush charmingly and brought all the dimples into play round her mouth. The gentle air of proprietorship which he had assumed, made her heart beat furiously. She did not know that his own heart was pounding until he thought the universe could hear it.

"Do you really want all my dances?" she asked looking at him with a wondering expression in her fringed, gray eyes. "It is awfully nice of you to ask me," she continued smiling frankly up at him.

It was the boy's turn to realize that he was on dangerous ground. He was wise enough to know he had withstood temptation to the limit. "I feel sorry for the fellow who steals any of them, that's all," he answered as he threw a soft scarf round her shoulders. He knew that it was best for them to be on their way, and so he guided her out into the glory of the Spring twilight.

An April evening on American Lake, in fair weather, is something for common mortals to dream about. And when two young people are in love in the midst of such nature. Paradise itself is at their feet. So it was with the Sergeant and Beth, as they started their joyful walk down the pine bordered path along the lake. Beneath their feet the rich black earth, carpeted with pine needles, guided their steps as if it had been

a magic carpet. On their right hand, the placid water sparkled and danced in the slanting rays of the sun, an infinite expanse of violet and green. From the heart of the forest, the rich scent of dogwood and violets in luxuriant bloom drifted to them. Far ahead, Mount Ranier pierced the sapphire sky, a gorgeous pinnacle of rose and emerald snow.

"How wonderful," breathed Beth. The Sergeant did not answer but he drew her gently to his side. For the moment the horrible war was forgotten, and the whole world to them was a scene of throbbing joy.



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#### AMERICANS TEACH BRITISH BASEBALL

Not even the roar of the big guns can stop the American soldiers from demonstrating the fine points of the grand old game of baseball. This British official photograph shows some of our troops acquainting their British comrades with the sport, while the shells shriek over the British western front. The Sammy in the center is showing them the approved way of handling a bat. Note the perplexed position of the Tommy on the left. America's national game is fast becoming an international one, it having been wildly acclaimed and adopted by both London and Paris where many games have already been played to the great satisfaction of the popu-  
laces.



# Problems of the Age

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Dealing with Religious, Social and Economic Questions and their  
Solution. A Study for the Quorums and Classes  
of the Melchizedek Priesthood

By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner

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## XXVIII—The Theater

*License of the Stage.*—The theater is both a symptom and a cause. It reveals social influences and the trend of modern life in a manner that is not depicted and would not be tolerated elsewhere. Characters upon the stage are permitted to say things and do things that society would not tolerate in any other place. The very fact that the revelations of immoral conduct are permitted on the stage accounts, in large part, for the vast numbers of its devotees. The stage is therefore symbolic—a symbolism of indulgence, freedom from restraint, that are rapidly increasing, if we are compelled to believe as authors assert, that the stage is taking on license beyond all belief. It not only suggests and encourages immorality by the license it takes, but it is often the covert foe to religion and social moderation. It indulges in ridicule which is dangerous to sobriety by its cunning attacks on many of our soundest and sanest social institutions. It is particularly severe upon marriage; it destroys courtship, and often ridicules religion. Society has become indifferent to the stage, whose excesses are explained away if taken any notice of, by the statement that "we must take no notice of it," because it is the stage. Its devotees are made up of all classes—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, churchmen and laymen; and from all there comes the same hilarious laughter at indecent ridicule and immoral suggestion.

The stage is also a cause: it excites feelings that would better remain dormant. It offers plausible excuses for the most tragic failures of life, and has its saving clauses in a philosophy that is as fatal to the welfare of society as it is to the promotion of happiness. It has become a part of our present-day world life. It is reflected more in our social intercourse than is the Church; and as an educator of public sentiment, it has perhaps no superior.

*Present Conditions.*—Is the war making us serious-minded? Does the presence of eternity on the battlefield incline men to a spirit of sacredness and devotion? War is a human institution, and carries men along in the trend of their past experiences. It emphasizes human life wherever it touches it: by it the religious may be made more religious, the indifferent more indifferent, the scoffer more scornful. The war in France had not been long under way until amusements, chiefly the recreation of the theater, was considered necessary for the encouragement and good cheer of the soldiers. The theater was therefore transferred from the large cities to the front. I copy from the *New York Sun* of October 28, 1917:

"The critics point out that while in the beginning things were different, in the last few months salaciousness has increased tremendously, in these theatrical productions. This is not surprising. In Paris, when the theaters were first reopened after the beginning of the

war, the plays were all on a high plane. It seemed as if only the classic repertory was to be played and the preference was for Corneille, and in Corneille's own theater they gave "Horace," where patriotic sentiment is so admirably expressed.

"But when the war went on longer than the managers dreamed it would—longer than they wanted to prolong this truce of heroism and chastity, to which they were willing to devote months, even a whole season—their patience came to an end.

"They began to revert to plays of the ante-war type. In a brief time Paris had the same theater as existed before the war; the same theater where the revues and many of the plays are filled with inuendo and vulgarity. It is likely that the theater at the front has in some wise followed the example of the Paris stage.

"M. Beaunier, commenting on these conditions, writes:

"I know the answer many people will make to this: that art beautifies everything it touches. But this is not true in any respect, and often art is spoiled by what it touches. A cleverer argument is: "It amuses them. Their life is not happy in the trenches and in the camps. Are you going to quibble about their pleasure?" But it doesn't amuse them—if I can believe my correspondents. You misjudge them when you attribute so little delicacy to them. \* \* \*

"This confusing of pornography and gaiety is one of the most foolish errors of our day. It has done much to hurt the good reputation of France. Besides the strangers who came to Paris sought for it with an unhealthy curiosity and then despised us when they returned home. This hypocrisy is well known. Real gayety is never nasty; it is a sign of health; while pornography is a disease of the mind.

"We thought that the war had put an end to all these turpitudes. We expected a change in the public mind, and in its habits, in its frivolities—a tonifying of its imagination. There is still hope."

*Fallacy of Art.*—The trouble with the theater, as with all other sorts of amusements, is that it is almost wholly dissociated from religious life. When Brigham Young built the great theater in Salt Lake City (it was great indeed at the time it was constructed) he intended that it should be under the censorship of the Church. Dances and other forms of amusement were provided under a directorship intended to shut out the evils and abuses to which all kinds of amusements are so easily subjected. Today our Church organizations devote much of their working programs to the betterment of our social life through safe and sane amusements. In the larger cities, where a cosmopolitan spirit prevails, it is more difficult to blend the pleasures and religious influences of life. To separate them is to increase the dangers of one at the expense of the other.

We are now met by the flagrant demand that things must be accepted and approved, whatever immorality they may suggest, because they represent art, as though art stood apart from human feelings, suggestions, inclinations, and temptations. It is contended that the separation of real art, nude and other immoral art, from the moral, wholesome influences of life, is simple and easy to those who are strong-minded and have high powers of discrimination; that it is only the weak and the unworthy that debase real true art by any thought of vulgarity. Such advocates of art, like the advocates of platonic love, are guilty of shams and false pretense: there is no direct and precise cleavage in the thought, feelings, emotions, and temptations of human life. They are so interwoven that a violence to any one of them touches all of them.

*Excesses.*—"Yea, all things which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and the use of man, both to please the

eye and gladden the heart; yea, for food and for raiment, for taste and for smell, to strengthen the body and to enliven the soul.

"And it pleaseth God that he hath given these things unto man; for unto this end they were made to be used with judgment, not to excess, neither by extortion."

Revelation to Joseph Smith, 1831, Doc. and Cov. 59:18-20.

### XXIX—Heredity

*Its Spiritual Origin.*—Much time has been devoted in various social organizations throughout the Church to the discussion of heredity. It has been a subject of debate and scientific research for centuries. Around it all sorts of agreements and disagreements have been hurled, and there is today no definite science of heredity.

The greatest announcement on this subject is to be found in the Book of Genesis, where it deals with the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. The language of the people was confounded and they were scattered abroad upon the earth. From that time on they represented groups of humanity, and in time races were formed out of these groups. This is the greatest law, and perhaps the only commonly recognized law of heredity in the world of thought today. Race heredity is well known; individual heredity has never been agreed upon. While men inherit certain great characteristics of their race, the same cannot be said of their inheritances individually.

We believe in a spiritual existence which we enjoyed before the creation of this earth, and that when bodies are given to us they become simply the tabernacles of a prior living spirit, with certain essential qualities of thought, feeling, and possibilities. With our primeval existence as a starting point, our views of heredity must necessarily be very different from those who look upon this world as the beginning of life. All those who consider the body and spirit as contemporaneous, naturally trace the various qualities and characteristics of life to an earthly parental origin, with the result that thinkers and writers are in hopeless confusion about the law of heredity.

We believe that the negroes constitute a group of inherited qualities, not merely qualities of their earthly parents, but qualities which existed in them before the earth was created. And so with the different races, which express distinct race peculiarities.

The confusion of tongues, therefore, at the Tower of Babel was more than the disruption of a national life and the defeat of an ambition: it was the beginning of race distinction and race distribution upon the face of the earth,—a distribution that enabled each race to receive those spirits that were characteristic of that particular group. It is equally true that we as individuals represent qualities that have come to us through our primeval existence. The question, however, of these individual inheritances is not so evident as it is in the case of general race characteristics. From the same parents a child is often born with those qualities of life which make for higher and better manhood or womanhood, and later a child that has characteristics of an opposite tendency. That difference is not explained by merely temperamental changes in the parents or changes in environment as has been abundantly proved in a wide range of experiments and observations.

*Objections.*—Any effort, therefore, to fix a rule of inheritance has been abortive. If we had a primeval existence, our qualities of being must depend to a large extent upon that existence, and the law of justice would seem to indicate that we were born into life with certain primeval inherit-

ances which we were entitled to enjoy in a mortal state. Let us take a case for the advocates of a strict law of heredity: a good man marries a good wife; they have good children, and their children's children are good; and by superior efforts and improved environments they continue, as generations go on, to grow into perfect conditions. These people, having good children who create good environments, escape the burdens, cares, anxieties and sorrows of those who have born to them children who become wayward. The good, who are able to carry a great burden, teach and practice in the highest degree the law of correct living, and have little responsibility as compared with those who are less qualified to assume the heavier burdens of life. We should thus be compelled to reverse the teachings of Christ, "Where much is given, much is expected," and we should fly in the face of all social progress.

*Illustrations.*—The doctrine of our primeval existence is fundamentally one of religious belief. We believe that we were first created spiritually, that we were literally, in our spiritual creation, the "sons and daughters of God,"—that among those sons and daughters were Jesus Christ and Lucifer, who were the very antipodes of each other. How would a believer in the law of heredity explain from the standpoint of a pre-spiritual existence, the differences between Christ and Satan? An eminent writer, Samuel George Smith, in his book on *Social Pathology*, says:

"Children born of the same parents, reared under precisely the same circumstances, differ very widely in character and conduct, so that heredity and environment combined seem unequal to the task of a complete explanation of the history of the individual. There is no doubt that heredity and environment is each influential in forming the individual, but in heredity there is as much room for variation as there are numbers in the group considered, and in environment there are such changing elements that no two individuals ever have precisely the same influences. There is a variant of organization which makes each individual of the human race absolutely unique, and without going into the metaphysics of personal choice or desire, there is an unmeasured and probably unmeasureable, variant in the attitude of every individual toward his opportunity. The problems are not easy of solution."

There is much force in the statement that "There is a variant of organization which makes each individual of the human race absolutely unique." Such a statement goes far to support the doctrine we teach of our primeval existence. The attempted rule of heredity is baffling even to itself. Dr. Smith says:

"Every living individual who counts back ten generations may have over a thousand grandparents. In the direct line of descent all of them must be considered in the question of his inheritance, but the thousand grandparents of a few generations back are completely lost in the social group, and it is quite evident, apart from any special theories, that whatever the inheritance of an individual may be, it is pretty difficult to give it a scientific definition."

Some of the props upon which heredity is founded are knocked away by the cold facts of history. One of the chief of these is the so-called "law of environment." The Indians of the American continent have had perhaps the best environment in the world. Archaeology and the Book of Mormon both confirm the fact that they have retrograded from a higher to a lower stage of civilization. Environments did not create in them any progressive advance to a civilized state.



*Mendelism.*—Much discussion about heredity is based upon certain discoveries in the vegetable world,—the so-called laws of Mendel. Here, too, from our point of view, we are compelled to make a broad distinction. Even scientific writers are abandoning the argument that the same rules apply to life in the animal and vegetable kingdoms as apply to the life of man. It is true that all God created, if we take the account given in Genesis, was created first spiritually. Between that spiritual creation and our own, however, there is a wide difference. We are the direct creations of God—his children; he is our father, who is in Heaven. He is nowhere in Scripture designated as the Father of animals and plants. Whatever may have been the source of their spiritual creation, or the ultimate end of plant and animal life, there is from the beginning a very distinct difference between them and the human race. It is true that there are likenesses, but there are essential differences that have never yet been bridged over. The progress of animal and human life lie along essentially different courses of progress. Much has been said about Mendel's experiments on peas and on mice. He has shown that in them there is a certain dominance of qualities; that one parent or the other may be transmitted. Quoting from Smith again:

"Professor Bateson, one of the leading exponents of the doctrine of Mendel, says that there is little evidence of the transmission of abnormal characteristics, and he naively says that 'if in the simple matter of color our population and their descendants followed rules such as those which prevail in the color of the sweet pea, of the mouse, and of the cat, the essential facts of Mendelism must long ago have been part of the common property of human knowledge.' This shows a dawning light upon the eyes of Professor Bateson, revealing to him that the complex human animal cannot be expounded in biological terms."

*Family Groups.*—This law of Mendel has led to the promulgation of a new theory or law, which is called Eugenics. Certain families of criminals and families of superior abilities have been studied to demonstrate the correctness of Mendel's theory. I again quote from Dr. Smith:

"The first is the study of the Jukes by R. L. Dugdale. The family in seventy-five years numbered twelve thousand persons. They cost the state a million and a quarter of dollars, in these seventy-five years. They are all descended from one dissolute woman, Belle Juke. Those who have not taken the trouble to read the book or to study the problem regard this classical case as a definite proof that crime, pauperism, and other evils are clearly of an hereditary nature. But one of the most significant statements of Mr. Dugdale is, 'The tendency of heredity is to produce an environment which perpetuates that heredity,' or, to put it plainly, the trouble with this family was that every generation of little Jukes was taken care of by depraved Jukes."

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"Dr. Lange of Denmark had given an illustration of degeneration in families. He had found that 44 related families in twenty years had sent no less than 77 patients to the insane asylum. In the same families 358 serious neurophatic cases had appeared in one form or another in a few generations, from which he argued the evil effect of the first neurophatic woman, the founder of the breed.

"Further investigations revealed some strange facts about these families, for in them there appeared besides the 77 insane persons, an unusual proportion of gifted men and women. There were two cabinet ministers, one foreign ambassador, three bishops, three gen-

erals, nine university professors, and a large number of public officials, and no less than forty-four poets and artists, most of whom were known throughout Denmark. In twenty-eight of these families there were seventy-two individuals who secured very prominent positions through special intellectual ability."

Some of these cases appear to support the theory, but the exceptions are too numerous to speak of the Mendel theory as a law.

*Transmitted Qualities.*—Is the study of heredity profitable? Within certain limits—race qualities—it has some justification. Scientific men, by their writings, have thrown students of the subject into interminable confusion. It is legitimate enough to approach the subject of heredity from a standpoint merely of investigation. There are about its study many curious conditions of life; they invite wonderment, even study,—but they are not so fixed or so agreed upon that we are justified in speaking of certain transmitted conditions and tendencies as a law. At an earlier period in our investigations on heredity, men undertook to explain the moral and social life of nations by the law of heredity. They considered the law sufficiently established to make it a satisfactory explanation of individual phenomena. The view here taken by Dr. Smith is now quite generally admitted:

"It used to be taught that a number of diseases were transmitted from generation to generation. It is now generally agreed that there is no such thing as hereditary disease in any true sense. \* \* \* \* It is now agreed that certain diseases may be conveyed to the child in its prenatal condition, or at the time of birth, and that is the only fragment left of the doctrine of hereditary disease. On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that tuberculosis in the parents, because of its weakening effect, results frequently in an offspring that may become feeble-minded or insane. This is a further illustration of the general law that the chief bequest to the child of parenthood is strength or weakness.

"As disease is not hereditary, so physical mutilations are not transmitted. The Chinese foot needs to be compressed generation after generation."

It is doubtful whether all that is known about laws of heredity can have any particular educational value, more than that of curiosity which comes from the study of related qualities in human life.

There are two very distinct powers that come with the birth of human life: they are the powers of acquisition and the powers of desire. We have laid stress upon the importance of the former to the neglect of the latter. We have been forced, through a false system of education, into the belief and practice that happiness and future welfare are to be measured by our acquisitions. What would often be more helpful to us is the education of our necessities,—what it is proper to desire and what we ought to avoid.

*Operations of the Spirit of God.*—Of those who fear God the Lord in a vision to Joseph Smith said: "For by my Spirit I will enlighten them, and by my power I will make known unto them the secrets of my will; yea, even those things which the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor yet entered into the heart of man" (Sec. 76:10, Doc. and Cov.).

The dangers of attempting to fix rules for our guidance by the theory of heredity lies in the fact that as a matter of philosophy it can give us nothing tangible about the operations of the Spirit of God. We may even be born of the Spirit. In the nature of things much of our speculations leave no room for the permanent influences which the Spirit of God has on our lives.

## XXX—Eugenics

*Experiments.*—We are just now forming eugenic clubs throughout the country with the wise and beneficent purpose of elevating society and establishing correct principles of parentage. In some places the advocacy of eugenics is most enthusiastic and it is spoken of as the new and coming science. Most extreme advantages are predicted for it and by many it is regarded as a sort of salvation for many afflictions which torment human society at the present time. It is sometimes known as Mendelism from the fact that Mendel made certain experiments with sweet peas, with mice, and with cats. He traced out certain laws of breeding which were represented by diagrams and from these discoveries of animal relationships the question was propounded for human society and at once the question arose, if the mating in the vegetable and animal world may produce such exact results, why may it not have the same effect upon human beings?

*Men and Mice.*—It may be easy in the same breath to speak of men and mice, and the question would be much more simple perhaps if the laws regulating mice were also applicable to men; but unfortunately they are not, and whatever may be the difference in the physical development of the two it is certain that the inborn differences between men and animals does not permit us to bring both classes under the same laws of regeneration. It should be stated at the outset that the fundamental difference in matters of progeny between man and animal is to be found in the exercise of a free agency, an important human law. This law does not prevail with respect to animals and plants. They are still under a defined tutelage and governed by laws that are universal, simple, direct.

It is said that we may proceed to the improvement in the breeding of human beings as we do in the breeding of animals. We have developed in the science of animal industry superior breeds which through Government control we may register and call pure breeds. We have our pure bred horses, hogs, sheep, chickens. Shall we have a pure bred man? The trouble is we are not permitted to exercise any control over man in the matter of mating. True, in certain governments of Europe there is a law of Royalty which compels those of royal blood to marry within certain families. Of that, however, later.

The free agency of man is nowhere considered more sacred than in the matter of the selection of companionship. He is a being of multiplied motives. He is governed by social surroundings, by ambition, by a variety of characteristics, and these are governing features with him. He is moved by the influence of beauty, wealth, social advantages, parental influences, sometimes by the superior persuasive powers of the woman who would exercise control over him. If we are to have a science out of eugenics that is anything more than good advice, there must be some abridgment of the free agency of man.

*Religion Fundamental.*—One of the perhaps insurmountable troubles in the way of extreme advocates of eugenics is the fact that religion, and not intelligence and wealth, is fundamental in human life, and the basis of a sound and lasting social life. As men grow in social advantages, in wealth and intelligence, they are beset by increasing temptations,—temptations that lead them to such excesses as undermine their physical powers, and when these give way the whole superstructure of economic and intellectual life gives way. Thus we see nations rising and falling. We see social life in its exalted and deepest conditions. If history is pronounced in one thing it is the swing of the pendulum between the extremes of morality and immorality.

Spirituality, or if you please, real goodness, is not so self advertising as intelligence or material wealth. By its very nature it is modest and



retiring. It is a quality that may be operated through many generations for the uplift of human society. Those who advocate eugenics find it extremely difficult to go back to those modest beginnings in order to find the proper starting point. Indeed, how can they know? The heart of man belongs to the revelations of God. The Lord said to Samuel, who was seeking among the sons of Jesse for a king, that he did not look upon men with the eyes of man. He knew their hearts. But how can finite beings know these hidden conditions?

The uplift of the human race through proper mating must grow therefore from obscure, often hidden beginnings, through generations to a sound and substantial life. Such changes are too microscopic for the men of science. They cover too long a period for man's patient work. Indeed, all of the investigators of eugenics show that they are concerned with two extremes,—the extremely intelligent and those who are extremely criminal; and their investigations, even in these two classes, as I have shown elsewhere, are not satisfactory.

Movements are now afoot to begin the investigation of the development of genius in certain families. Investigators go back a few generations. They cannot go far. They are tabulating their data and trying to demonstrate to us as far as possible the infallibility of their doctrine. What families are these? They are families often of genius, which science has proved is not hereditary. Some are men of wealth, who are merely a part of a new made rich. The advocates of this doctrine are extremely enthusiastic. Their motives are all right, but extremists always carry with them the danger of excess, and their conclusions should be received with many reservations. If the extreme advocates of this science are permitted to exercise a very general and a very strong influence over our social and political life, they may endanger society as well as government.

*Laws for the Unfit.*—The tide of eugenic science ran high in 1913. In that year, North Dakota, Kansas, Wisconsin and Michigan, passed certain eugenic laws for the sterilization of the unfit. The unfit in the beginning was to include the insane and the habitual criminal,—especially the rapist. It is undesirable, of course, that they perpetuate their class, but will the advocates of eugenics stop there? What they want to do is to eliminate those who are unfit; but who are unfit? It is a serious question,—so serious that Oregon repealed her eugenic law on referendum. The pioneers of legislation in this law were the states of Washington, Iowa, Nevada and New York. Such advocates assume too much. They assume that there is a distinct and well-defined science or law of heredity,—a science that has so many exceptions that great writers have come to repudiate it as a fixed science whose investigations have no practical value.

*Ambitions of Women.*—The women of our country are perhaps the most enthusiastic advocates of eugenics. They are ambitious in parentage. With them child life has a closer and deeper meaning than it has with men. They insist often that it is their right to choose the future fathers of their children, but how? What sort of regulation could be devised that would permit any important class to make such selections? Of course, they would be ambitious, but the comparatively few properly fit to meet that ambition would practically exclude the masses. There is, as some writers point out, a greater uniformity in high quality female life than there is among the males. In the animal industry world, males for breeding purposes are selected with great care and with such numerous limitations as to produce only a few that are physically fit. France, in the matter of horses, has carried this selection to a very high degree. In the female animal world the rejections are much fewer, showing that in that class there is a distinct and superior uniformity. How about the human world? In matters of mating the high grade of uniformity shows a higher percentage of the females than



exists in the animal world. In other words the number of women fit for superior womanhood is vastly in excess of the number of men. We need not consider the reasons assigned from a physical point of view for this superior and general uniformity. The proofs of the difference are apparent to all among the most striking illustrations of social life. One of the greatest causes for this difference lies perhaps in the so-called double standadrs,—standards which separate the physical, spiritual, and ultimately intellectual lives of the two classes. The difference is vital. The conditions that make for the double standard are ultimately destructive to the aims that the advocates of eugenics have in view.

In addition, we should have in the end pronounced class distinctions. There would soon be the super-man and the super-woman, the high class or the high-brow, and intellectuals of all sorts of classical distinctions, which would bring in their train social disorder. We have had some striking illustrations. Royalty throughout Europe has asserted its claim to superiority. Princes and princesses are brought up to be kings, queens, empresses and other sorts of royalty. They have had the advantages of wealth, of opportunity, of training. Has the Royal class made good? Is the genius of the world inherited from among them? Are they the actual rulers, and what generally do we think of the royal personages of Europe in these trying and distressing hours? Some investigation of that class has been made and in conclusion I quote from the writings of Fahlbeck, who has what is considered an authoritative work upon Swedish nobility. Of that class he says:

"It has been shown how caste marriages prevailing among them produce a progressive degeneration, which manifests itself by frequent celibacy, much delayed marriage of the male sex, the large and increasing portion of sterile marriages, the small and decreasing fecundity (now 15.4 per cent) always less than the death rate, the increasing number of female births, the increasing mortality of youths under 20 years of age, the deaths of the children before that of the parents, which gradually tends to cause the extinction of the stock. As a consequence of that, 70 per cent of the original noble families are now extinct, and notwithstanding the continual ennobling of bourgeois families, the number of noble families does not increase or very often declines."

And Fahlbeck takes care to add that all this applies precisely to the whole wealthy class, of which the nobility is only a fragment.

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## The World's Potato Record

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David D. Rust, of Kanab, Utah, who was mentioned in the *Improvement Era* for July, writes us that he is not entitled to the compliment as a champion potato grower of the world as there set forth. The fact is, that President Charles R. Pugh, of the Eighty-fifth Quorum of Seventy, *represented* this organization and *raised* eight hundred twenty-five and a half bushels of potatoes on one acre of ground, which won the \$1000 offered by the Church and broke the world's record. Brother Rust continues: "I simply acted as agent in getting the report and verification in shape. Of course, as a member of the Eighty-fifth quorum and associated with President Pugh in the council of that quorum, I share in the honor awarded, but as a potato grower, I regret to say, that I cannot make a claim."

# Foolish Virgins of 1918

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*By F. S. Harris, Ph. D., Director Agricultural Experiment Station, Utah  
Agricultural College*

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"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

Never in the history of the world has there been a time when it was more necessary to have our lamps filled as well as trimmed and burning. The entire civilized world is at war. All the resources of the fighting nations are being marshaled for the purpose of insuring victory. Each side of the conflict is determined to win at any cost. Not only are soldiers and ammunition important, but food promises to be one of the deciding factors of the war. The military forces are so evenly balanced that an early victory based on arms alone seems unlikely. Food and supplies for armies as well as for the civilian population will determine largely what each nation is able to contribute toward the winning of the war.

The countries nearest the war zone have experienced considerable shortage of food. Actual famine has been felt in a number of instances. Even in our own country, which is full of resources, and which has only recently entered the war, and that at considerable distance from the center of hostilities, has had a shortage in several important foods. Our second winter of war, with a much larger army abroad, promises to be even more trying than the first. Transportation facilities will probably be even more congested, and the needs of the government will be more insistent.

Every patriotic citizen will do all in his power to lessen the strain at that time. He will now, before the bridegroom approaches, fill his lamp and be ready for the winter season when the real test on the nation will come.

Plenty of coal can be had now. In the winter it will be needed for manufacturing of war munitions and supplies. It costs no more to fill the bin this summer than it will cost next winter. By having the bin full, a possible shortage during a cold spell can be avoided.

This summer there is an abundance of vegetables and fruit. These may be dried and in other ways preserved for winter use. By having an ample supply of these foods on hand it will not be necessary to use transportation that will be needed for other purposes later on.

It is not necessary to have the spirit of hoarding in order to insure the family against famine. If the farmer knows how many beans his family will use during the year, why not save them out of the harvest and thereby make himself secure? Many kinds of food cannot be shipped great distances; an especial effort should be made to use these at home.

At the time Utah was settled, the leaders gave advice that can be followed to good advantage now. In essence it was: "Keep your lamps filled and trimmed." Those who do this will not only be rendering a patriotic service, but they will also place themselves out of the class of the foolish virgins.  
*Logan, Utah.*

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## What the Cigarette Does

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Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., tells mothers what they may expect of their boys, who at the age of ten, are beginning to find opportunities to acquire the cigaret habit, if they succeed in forming it. Here are a few of the possibilities:

They will acquire a habit which may bring them into sympathetic associations with the boys who are going to the bad.

They will be slaves to a habit which segregates them from the common crowd of travelers and spectators.

They will join the procession that is made up of marchers with hesitating steps, shaky hands, and palpitating hearts.

They will unfit themselves for athletic sports and high attainments in their studies.

They will exclude themselves from many activities leading to higher pay and preferment.

They will waste large sums of money while doing themselves lasting, perhaps even fatal, injury.

They will more readily become victims of alcohol, cocaine, opium, and other narcotic drugs.

They will shorten their lives.

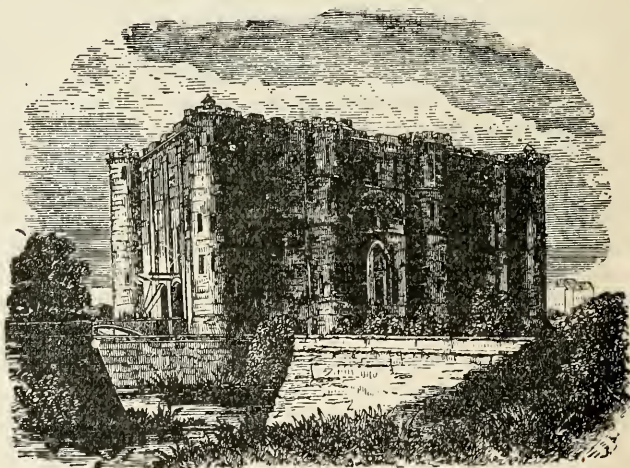
Their presence will disclose itself to the nostrils of all their associates.

They will weaken their resistance to disease and fall easy victims to infection.

## TO CAMILLE DESMOULINS

Hark! Once again we seem to hear thy words,  
And of their magic, ages yet shall tell.  
Then was a ruthless system dashed to sherds,  
As that grim pile, the hated Bastile, fell.  
From thy wild speech came Liberty to France,  
First gleam of dawn to end the Feudal night;  
We hear the red-capp'd, wooden-shoed ones dance,  
The maddened cries that hailed the coming light.  
Thy words still echo on from tongue to tongue,  
France leaps to arms to meet tyrannic foes,  
Across the world a battle line is flung,  
The heart of patriots with courage glows:  
We see thy ghost, dead hero, in the van,  
"The Declaration of the Rights of Man!"

*Alfred Lambourne*



THE BASTILE





### TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Great one, whose sun at Austerlitz arose  
And at Saint Helena bade thee adieu,  
The "Man of Destiny" in Freedom's pose,  
The modern Sphynx who lost at Waterloo,  
Dost see, Napoleon, this lust of power—  
As with the Conquerors in other dawns?  
The streams of blood that flow this troubled hour,  
Man in the "Game of War" the living pawns?  
Yea, kings and nations look on changing fates,  
Tossed is the ball of conquest to and fro;  
Dim chaos reigns amidst a crash of states,  
And round the earth is felt the awful throe:  
Vast Captain, England, who did exile thee,  
Clasps hands with France that all mankind are free!

*Alfred Lambourne*

# The Case Against Smokes\*

*By George J. Fisher, M. D.*

Is it harmful to smoke? Does smoking rest one or does it tend to make a man irritable? What is the effect of a habit which is so general? Does it decrease efficiency? Does it lower vitality? These are questions I have tried to find an answer for. No one had in my judgment given an adequate answer to them. I approached the question dispassionately, for I am not fanatic about the matter. I simply wanted to know the truth, so that I would know how to advise young men accurately. For the past four years I have had a series of experiments made at the Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield, Massachusetts, under the direction of Prof. Elmer Berry, upon young men between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, men of exceptional physical vigor who were being trained as physical directors. The plan in the experiments was to use smokers and non-smokers alike, so as to note the effect of smoking on each, to have them go through a given test first without smoking and then try the same test after smoking. As a rule we used a single cigar or a cigaret.

In our first experiment we tested the effect of smoking a cigar on the heart rate of blood pressure. A single cigar increased the heart rate and blood pressure. The most significant thing about this experiment was the apparent disturbance to the heart in that it took some considerable time for the heart to return to normal, longer than we could wait to measure.

In the next experiment, a year later, we tried to go into this problem further, and gave a series of exercises before and after smoking, taking as before the heart rate. This series of tests revealed as did the others that smokers have a higher heart rate than non-smokers, and that the return to normal after exercise is much delayed after smoking. For illustration, in 74 out of 118 smoking tests, or 62.72 per cent, the heart rate was increased and did not return to normal in fifteen minutes. In 72 out of 74 tests in which the men did not smoke, fully 97 per cent did return to normal in less than fifteen minutes, the average time being only five minutes. The smoker does not become fully habituated to smoking.

At the same time that the latter test was given, some tests

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in muscular precision were made by having the man draw lines with a pen on a chart between narrow columns. Every time the sides were touched an error was registered. To test the large muscular co-ordinations the men were required to lunge at a target with a fencing foil. In these two tests all the men showed a loss in precision. This was a great surprise to us. I did not dream that a single cigar or the smoking of two cigars which were used in the target thrust would show any appreciable effect.

This led us in our next experiment to make some experiments on the effects of smoking upon baseball pitching. Twelve men, all baseball players, both smokers and non-smokers, were used. The men in the tests had ten throws at a target, which were recorded. Then each thrower smoked a cigar, taking thirty minutes for the purpose, after which they had ten more throws which were recorded. In another test the men rested in the thirty-minute interval, instead of smoking. In another test the men smoked two cigars, using sixty minutes between the throws. In this way it was clearly discovered what effect resting or smoking one cigar or smoking two cigars had upon accuracy in pitching. An official baseball was used, fast, straight balls were thrown, the men winding up for the throw as baseball pitchers do. \* \* \*

In Test A, after smoking one cigar, there was a loss of twelve per cent in accuracy. In Test B, after smoking two cigars, there was a loss of 14.5 per cent. In Test C, during which no cigars were smoked, there was an increase in accuracy of nine per cent, so that the real effect of the smoking should be judged by comparing the scores made after a rest and those after smoking.

We then determined upon a further test of co-ordination, and because of the interest in the war we selected rifle shooting.

The Western Revolver Club Range of Springfield was used, and Mr. Wesson furnished the rifles and ammunition. Five shots at a target twenty yards distant were fired, then either a rest or smoking was indulged in, then five more shots were fired. The prone position was used. Five tests were made in the first test; the men rested thirty minutes between the two periods of shooting. In the second, the men smoked one cigar, in the third test two cigars were used in a period of sixty minutes, in the fourth test two cigarets were used, in the fifth the men again rested. Briefly the results were these. In test number one, when the men did not smoke, they showed an increase in accuracy of seven per cent. In the second test, after smoking one cigar, there was a loss in accuracy of 4.8 per cent. In the third test, in which the men smoked two cigars, there was a loss in accuracy of six per cent. In the fourth experiment, after smoking

two cigarets, there was a loss in scoring of 1.8 per cent. In the fifth experiment, in which the men did not smoke, there was a gain in accuracy.

These tests which I have been having made, covering a number of years, are exceedingly interesting. I do not claim they are conclusive.

As far as we have gone, however, we seem to be compelled to believe that smoking is not beneficial. It quickens the heart rate, affects in slight degree the blood pressure, disturbs the circulatory apparatus so that it takes some considerable time for the heart to return to normal. Smoking affects muscular precision in such fine movements as writing and in such larger movements as lunging at a target with a fencing foil or in baseball pitching and also in rifle shooting.

These experiments were made upon men twenty-one to twenty-five of unusual physique, men accustomed to smoking and those unaccustomed; both groups were affected and in all the experiments there was a remarkable consistency in the character of the results obtained. The case seems to be against tobacco.

In the light of such facts as these what should be our attitude in furnishing tobacco to soldiers? If smoking disturbs the heart, what effect will it have on endurance? If smoking affects accuracy in baseball pitching, what will be the effect upon bomb throwing? If smoking makes for inaccuracy in lunging at a target, what will be the effect in lunging at an enemy with a bayonet? And if men, after smoking, do not shoot as well at twenty yards, what will be the result at a greater distance?

These experiments were made in a well-ventilated place in each instance, and after the men had smoked but one or at the most two cigars, and two cigars were more severe than one. Most men do not stop with one or two cigars, but have a tendency toward many in a day.

I am not willing to say that soldiers should not smoke. Those habituated to it seemingly get great comfort from smoking. I do not believe, however, that we should encourage them to smoke incessantly nor incite the young soldier who has never smoked to indulge. I am wondering whether special funds for tobacco are wise, and I question the wisdom of placing tobacco in every comfort kit. We take it for granted that a soldier will smoke. We are urging him to do so, and incidentally I believe we are doing harm.



# The Streak of Gray\*

*By Milford W. Foshay*

Phelps laughed accepting the compliment.

"No," he returned in answer to my remark that he had not grown old-looking, "nor old-feeling, either;" and he ran his fingers through his hair, black as it was thirty years before, in a boyish way. Then he noticed my eyes rest on a peculiar gray streak in the black mass, and he laughed again.

"Thought the whole of it ought to begin to show like that streak, eh?" he inquired, in a joking tone. "Well, I guess it would, if it had the same reason."

We were sitting on the porch of his small but comfortable home, our faces toward the rocky sides of the canyon as they loomed up in the glare of the afternoon sun, and talking of what had taken place back East during the thirty years of his absence. Here was an opening to learn a little of what his life had been filled with all this time, and I seized it eagerly, asking,

"Why, what is the reason for that gray streak? Let's have it."

"Alright, seeing it was about this time of day, and right up there;" and he pointed to the side of the canyon on his left. Then he settled back in his chair and, with an amused look at his wife who was sitting with us, told me of the wild chase that brought him the streak of gray.

There had been bad blood between Simmons and Phelps, on the other side of the Divide at a little village down in the San Luis valley. This was three years before they unwittingly settled side by side on the Whitewater. When Phelps came to the village, he found Simmons there, and with the reputation already established of being the meanest man in the place. After two or three small transactions, he accepted the verdict, and thereafter had as little as possible to do with him.

One day, Simmons tried to cheat a widow in selling a horse for her. Half a dozen men found it out, and went down to visit him, Phelps leading the way. At the end of a short parley, the latter voiced the general sentiment.

"Simmons," he said, "we can't stand you any longer in this village. Get to some place where you're not known, and see if you can't be decent. If it were not for your wife and child,

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\*This story received first place in the May, 1918, *Era* story contest.

you'd have to leave without ceremony; but for their sakes, you may disappear anytime within a week—but that doesn't mean eight days!"

Simmons sneeringly said he'd be mighty glad to see the last of them, but that he would go when he got good and ready. He stayed until the end of the seventh day, but knew better than to overstep the mark. Up to the last, he did all the mean things he dared, but these were put up with for the sake of his family. His wife was well liked, and his boy, Little Jim everybody called him, was one of the brightest and handsomest tots in the village. They all hated to see him and his mother go, but were relieved to see the last of his father. They did give the latter credit, however, for treating his wife and child as a man ought to.

Some two years after the affair with Simmons, Phelps decided to move over on the Whitewater, where he had taken land. When he reached it, he was surprised, and mad as a hornet, to find Simmons on the piece next to his.

"What in the name of cussedness made you settle down here?" was the greeting Simmons got, when they first met. "Didn't you see the board that said this land was taken?"

"Sure I did," Simmons growled. "My eyesight's alright, yet. But how'd I know you were the galoot who had done the job? Anyhow, I've got a good strip along here, and I'm going to stay! I've as much legal right as you have. You tend to your business, and I'll tend to mine;" and he turned his back.

The two shacks were not more than ten rods apart, and a few minutes later. Phelps saw Mrs. Simmons come out of theirs and make as if to start to come over. Her husband evidently spoke to her, then put his hand gently on her shoulder and pushed her back into the house. No doubt his wife was as lonesome to see another woman as a winter lighthouse keeper is to hear the news, but Simmons had no notion of letting her be friendly.

That sort of thing, however, could not last. Some weeks later, Little Jim was taken sick, and his father was glad enough to let the mother bring Mrs. Phelps over to see him. Then, a month or so after, Mrs. Phelps sprained her ankle. Phelps and Simmons were both away, and she called to her neighbor, who came at once, and, necessarily, brought Little Jim. When the men got back, she was still there, and Simmons had to put up with it.

From this, Little Jim got to running over to the Phelps' house, and was soon talking at home about "Uncle Joe" and "Aunt Nellie." His father tried to break it up, but he was tender of the little chap, and his efforts were fruitless. All he could

do was to act as ugly as he could himself, and for this he let no occasion slip. Once, he told Phelps that if he didn't stop enticing the boy over to his place, he'd kill his stock if he went to the penitentiary for life for it. Phelps laughed at the senseless threat, and asked,

"Shall I take a stick to him, whenever he comes over?"

"If you do, I'll kill you!"

This was the state of feeling, when, one afternoon, Phelps came out of the house and walked across the yard to the corral, where he began to gather up some loose alfalfa. As soon as he came in view, a mountain lion sank softly down beside a stunted cedar a few yards to the right. Little Jim had been in the house with Mrs. Phelps, and was supposed to be with her yet. Instead, he trailed along behind his Uncle Joe, to help him with the hay. The lion saw him approach, and crouched lower.

"Well," suddenly ejaculated Phelps, looking down at the bunch of hay that had been trampled, "I believe the deer were down here last night, to get a nibble."

This was not a belief with the tawny form under the cedar, but a known fact. More, it knew that the deer had been there this afternoon, and that it had come down the trail to get a chance at them—and missed, which was the reason for that jerking of the tail it kept up so persistently.

At the sound of the voice, the movement of the tail ceased. All at once, the light in the watching eyes grew deeper as they caught a glimpse of the advancing five-year-old. Phelps went on throwing up the alfalfa, sometimes facing the cedar, sometimes with his back to it.

As the boy drew nearer to the point where he must pass within a few feet of the tree, in order to get to his Uncle Joe, happy youngster, the fierce green eyes decided the right moment had come, and, with a last wriggle, the lithe form shot out.

But that last wriggle made a difference with the outcome. Phelps had just turned his face in the direction of the bush, fork uplifted, when he noticed it tremble. Instinctively he looked to see the cause of the agitation, and at the same instant the lion leaped. The hand holding the fork was already drawn back, and by the time the brute was well in the air the fork was on the way to meet it.

Naturally, the tines of the tool were slanting downward to pick up the stalks of alfalfa. Had it not been for this, so true was the aim, they would have gone straight to the throat of the beast. As it was, they struck the ground and the turning handle gave it a stiff blow on the ear. On this account a paw hit the child on the shoulder instead of on the neck, where it was

aimed. Little Jim went down as if he had met a cannon ball, his head striking hard on a stone.

With an angry snarl, the lion caught him by the back and sprang swiftly up the side of the canyon. Phelps let out an agonized yell, and leaped forward. He was too late. Little Jim was beyond his reach.

Catching up the fork as he ran, he started in pursuit with an agility that spoke of twenty-five instead of fifty-five years of living. He was a young man, judged by the muscles that had been hardened and seasoned for nearly thirty years in the invigorating climate; but now he was likely to need all the service they could give him, and all the breath of his lungs as well.

The lion tried to go straight up the side, and it was making some remarkable jumps; but many of the cliffs were too sheer, and it was obliged to turn to the left. Phelps saw this, and knowing each foot of the ascent as one does the walks of his own grounds, he ran along the pathway he had made to the park above, and so kept well up with his quarry.

Up and up, and up still farther, for this was one of the high points. The pace soon began to tell on the man, and on the beast as well. No living thing can put every ounce of energy in motion in this climate for many minutes, without feeling the heart pound and the ears sing. But the straining pursuer was a man who saw a little child in danger, as well as a mountaineer, and the combination was one for desperate chances rather than cool calculation. Besides, in this case, the human was almost as native as the beast, and, with the load the latter was carrying, there was likely to be a close conflict in short order.

The lion was now at a face it could not scale, and turned still farther to the left and closer to Phelps. The latter saw the situation, and moved out of the path with a quick spring to the right, bringing him nearer where the lion must run. But the brute was as aware of the pinch as Phelps, and bounded forward in great leaps. It passed ahead of him by about fifteen feet, and he launched the fork. Fearful of hurting the child, he threw it too far back, and it did nothing more than brush the long tail.

The extra exertion told heavily on both, and the race was kept up at a much slower pace. In a minute more, a sort of platform was reached, and the cat acted as if inclined to turn and fight for the possession of the boy—or drop him; but Phelps was pressing too close for a pause to be safe, and it bounded on to the next ridge.

This was a peculiar formation, slanting downward to another ledge a few feet below, while a tangled growth ran along the lower edge. The lion had to turn in this direction, in order



to reach a place low enough to jump over. Phelps was not more than six or eight feet behind, as it struggled through the bushes and then jumped to the top and disappeared.

The panting pursuer jammed and crushed through the growth to follow, for the ledge was only about five feet high, and he knew that it sloped away on the farther side. The lion was probably loping down that now, faster than he could go; but the thought of quitting did not come to him—he couldn't quit, whether or not he could keep on breathing, with Little Jim in the lion's mouth!

His foot on a bent bush, Phelps put his left hand on the top of the ledge to look over as he drew himself up, while the fork was poised in his right. The instant his head appeared above the rim, he saw the lion crouching a few feet away. It had dropped the boy, and before Phelps had time to realize much of anything, the yellow body was coming through the air towards him.

Like an electric shock, the instinctive desire to dodge passed through him; but before it had time to operate, it was counteracted, and, grasping the fork with both hands, the tines were turned to meet the impact. The lion launched into it full tilt, and beast and man were carried over backward to the platform below, where Phelps struck solidly and lay without motion. The lion gave a number of strong convulsions, then also became quiet.

Nothing stirred, anywhere. The late afternoon sun was sinking, and, in the still atmosphere that precedes the rushing of the cold mountain air into the valley at nightfall, the shadows were creeping over the rocks and bushes. For a minute it looked as if the participants in the life-for-life race were to be left a prey to night prowlers. Then Phelps lifted a hand and followed the motion by turning his head. A moment later, he sat up and wiped blood from his face. The lion was stretched out, not a muscle twitching, several feet beyond him.

As his brain cleared, Phelps got to one knee, and the first thing he saw were the head and shoulders of Simmons coming over the lower ledge. Catching his breath in short, rasping coughs, and with terror in his eyes, he staggered to the side of Phelps, gasping out,

"Where—is—" when a weak cry reached their ears.

"Uncle Joe! Daddy!"

Phelps started to struggle to his feet, but before he could manage it, Simmons wobbled in desperate haste toward the upper ledge, where the sound seemed to come from. By the time he got to it, Little Jim was there, and he fell forward into his father's arms.

"O God, I thank thee!" Phelps heard Simmons ejaculate—

the first time any man ever heard that Name on his lips, except as an oath. Then he fell to hugging the little fellow, and blubbered over him with endearing words such as his mother might have used.

Phelps turned away, and found relief in viciously kicking the body of the lion, which was stone dead, with the tines of the fork through the windpipe. He was rolling its head with his foot and thinking that a man with as much genuine feeling inside of him as his neighbor was showing ought to have a decent outside to him if it could be discovered, when he heard a step and looked up to see Simmons standing at his elbow, Little Jim in the hollow of his left arm. His face was a study, but from his eyes shone the look of a man.

"Phelps," he said, in a shaking voice, "I'd like to be a neighbor to you, if you'll let me, after all I've done;" and he extended his hand.

Phelps took it in an iron grip, gulped a few times, then tossed his head, and exploded with,

"You bet, I'll let you!"

"Joe!"

Both turned quickly, at the sharp cry. Coming over the ledge were Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Simmons, breathing heavily, and each carrying her rifle her husband did not have time to get hold of.

"Here!" Phelps responded to his wife's call, and in a minute they were with the men.

"But, Joe, you're hurt," his wife said suddenly, stepping closer and reaching her hand up to his head. "There's a raw place here," she added, parting the hair.

He looked down, then stopped and took a wisp of hair from between the claws of the dead lion, holding it up to view. At the end dangled a small piece of flesh.

"I'm dreadfully afraid it'll make a streak of gray when it comes in;" and Mrs. Phelps voice was full of distress.

"That broke the tension," Phelps declared, laying his hand on my knee as he finished the story. "The rest of us burst out laughing to hear the note of sorrow she sounded over the prospect of a few gray hairs, while she took quite coolly the fact that I came out of the scrimmage safely. Well, it did make a streak of gray alright," he concluded, simply, "and it was worth what it cost to get it, to say nothing of saving Little Jim; Simmons is the best neighbor a man ever had."

*Painesville, Ohio*

# Religion, Active and Passive

## Effort Essential to Salvation

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*By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve*

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Religion to be worth while must be a vital element of life and work. It is of both temporal and spiritual significance, value and effect. It has to do with individual morality, with mutual dealings and associations of men even in ordinary, everyday affairs, with the great problems involved in family unity and efficiency and with the little things that make or mar the home, with work and play, with the duties of citizenship, statesmanship and public service generally.

All these relationships are human and earthly, and the honorable discharge of duties arising therefrom approaches ethical perfection. But man's standard of ethics is of necessity unstable, variable and, withal, unsatisfying to the soul having a healthful hunger for spiritual nourishment.

Who of all has not felt at times the spontaneous yearnings and aspirations incident to our deep inborn conviction of life beyond death? We may weaken these emotions by persistently ignoring them; we may effectually stifle them by rude force; we may render them dormant by the poisonous anodyne of false philosophy and the boastful pride of man's mis-called wisdom; but kill them we can not, for they were divinely implanted and are deathless.

And as there is a hereafter, in which every soul of us shall live in continuation of the eternal existence of which earth-life is but a span, so surely shall our status there be determined by the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.

Religion, then, has to do not only with this life but with that to come. We are but sojourners on earth; and, profoundly important as is this mortal experience, it is, after all, mainly a probation, and essentially a preparation for eternity. It is temporarily easier to be passive than aggressive, whether we claim for our guiding code man's rules of ethics, or the clear-cut requirements of the Gospel of Christ. There are far more good men on earth than men who are good for much.

The Gospel demands something greater than avoidance of actual sins of commission. The culpability of neglect and omission may justly condemn the soul. Wilful spurning of Divine

opportunity may work eternal loss. Though the Scriptures affirm the possibility of progression after death, nowhere do we find ground for assuming that failure to obey the Gospel on earth will be nullified by immediate remission beyond. We have no basis for computing the ages that shall be requisite to make amends there for wanton failure here.

There is a time in the eternal existence of souls which has been specifically made the time of repentance and test; and that is the period of mortality. Paul's forceful admonition is of universal application: "*Lay hold on eternal life*" while opportunity is found (I Tim. 6:12, 19). For, be it remembered that the Lord has spoken concerning the wilfully unrepentant: "*From him shall be taken even the light which he has received, for my Spirit shall not always strive with man, saith the Lord of Hosts*" (Doctrine and Covenants 1:33).

Sin is conducive to lethargy in things spiritual; the Gospel inspires to life and activity. Contentment with the things of this world, so long as they go to suit us, with no thought of what shall follow, is the devil's lullaby. In the moment of supreme complacency when we are expressing by word, act, thought, or through sheer inaction, the stultifying soliloquy—*Soul, take thine ease*, may come the summoning decree: "*Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee*" (Read Luke 12:16-21).

When will men awaken to the imperative yet persuasive summons to repentance? Are not the awful vicissitudes of these days of war and death sufficient to arouse us to some realization of the solemnities of eternity? As a nation we are valiantly waging war for the vindication of the rights, privileges, and liberties of men. As individuals we are summoned by the call of God to resist iniquity, and to make peace and reconciliation with Him through obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

Only through active, vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, effective repentance of wrong-doing, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and the bestowal of the gift of the Holy Ghost or the higher baptism of the Spirit, can salvation be attained in the Kingdom of God, for so the Holy Scriptures aver.

The pleading call of the ancient prophet is yet in force. Hear ye, and heed: "*Now I say unto you, that ye must repent, and be born again: for the Spirit saith, If ye are not born again, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven; therefore come and be baptized unto repentance, that ye may be washed from your sins, that ye may have faith on the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, who is mighty to save and to cleanse from all unrighteousness*" (Book of Mormon, Alma 7:14).



# Utah's Detachment School

*By Louis W. Larsen*

To supply an army of mechanicians and artisans, so indispensable a supplement to its still vaster army of fighting men, the United States Government has adopted a policy of utilizing to the utmost the country's higher institutions of learning. Its plan is to send a contingent of several hundred draftees recruited in one state to the schools of a neighboring commonwealth for two months of intensive, practical training. It has come to be a sort of exchange system carried on in all of the states of the Union. At the end of the period of drill, the boys are sent immediately overseas for service.

A group of stalwart Utahns were called a few months ago to Boulder, Colorado. As soon as they were transferred into efficient fighting men, they were sent to France. Three hundred Wyoming men have just completed a course at the Utah Agricultural College and are now on their way to the front. And so it goes—every institution of importance working overtime to whip into shape the raw material out of which Uncle Sam is building up his invincible war machine.

In the case of the University of Utah, however, an exception was made. Instead of sending boys from a neighboring state, 453 native sons were assigned by government officials to the local detachment school. The general theory that men work harder and progress faster when cut off by distance from home ties and associations has not been confirmed by the results achieved at the state school. The Utah boys have been more or less accessible to sweetheart, mother, or sister, but that has not deterred them one whit from settling down to the work with a zeal that has made for rapid and sure progress. Indeed, the opportunity to meet their friends and loved ones has been an animating influence, keeping them ever in good spirits. Their morals have been excellent, thanks to the buoyant power of a home atmosphere.

When the University entered into a contract with the Government to domicile, feed, and train 453 boys, it was reaching out beyond the warrant of its normal laboratory and instructional facilities. It was obliged to invent, improvise, and build, and to do it all at top speed—for when the country is at war there is no time for elaborate planning or leisurely deliberation. Results are all that count, and that means action, often in feverish haste, but with dispatch and precision. And may it be re-

marked parenthetically that one of the salutary results of this war, a sort of by-product, is the drawing of the American people out of themselves, the teaching them their real capacity when hard put to it by the exigency of conflict.

The draftees must be taught in small groups, to be taught effectively, and that calls for a large corps of instructors who are competent to teach and demonstrate along practical lines. After requisitioning the available men already on the campus, a call was sent out for volunteers from among the prospective students themselves. The result was that Dean Joseph Merrill's office was flooded with applications. It then became a matter of elimination. The upshot was that a supplemental staff of student-instructors were on hand at the opening of the course to aid in the work of training their comrades. Aside from the employment of several mechanics from downtown, the problem of teachers was solved.

Then there must be new supplies and equipment in vast quantities. This entailed a big financial problem, since the Government is subsidizing its new educational movement only to a limited degree. Such concerns as telephone, electric and automobile companies came loyally to the rescue of the University and by the working out of a co-operative system this difficulty was squarely and adequately met.

On their arrival on the campus the boys were divided into vocational groups according to their adaptabilities and preferences. About half of the number elected to study the gas engine. Others chose carpentry, forging, telegraphy, wireless operating, electricity and telephone construction. The work was quickly organized and every man hit a vigorous pace that was not slackened throughout the eight weeks of study and drill.

A half hundred old, dilapidated automobiles and motor trucks were purchased at nominal, "discard" prices and used for practice in learning the parts, repairing and driving. Every man who took this line of work became by the end of the term a good driver of the pleasure car, the motor truck, the motor cycle and the tractor. When he is assigned to the wheel "somewhere in France," he will be familiar with all the ins and outs of the chauffeur's craft.

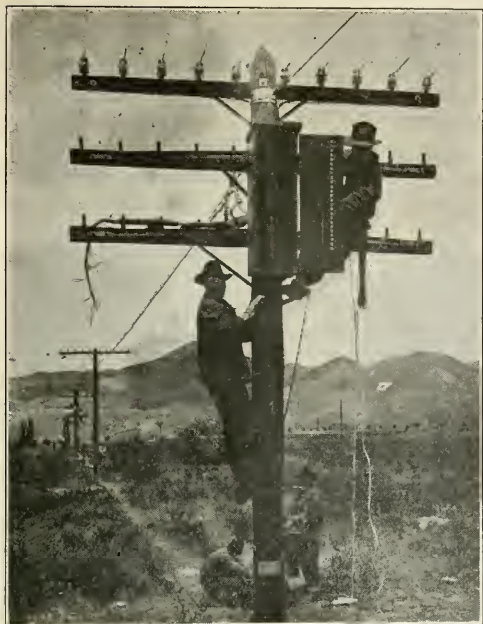
Students of "wireless" made most of their aerial apparatus and learned how to transmit and to receive messages quite as expertly as if they had had access to a station that flashes dispatches half-way round the world.

And the prospective carpenters learned to build—the best of methods—by actually building. A number of sectional garages were made for faculty men and downtown people who had only to furnish the material. The draftees wanted a canteen where they could purchase the little notions and delicacies that

soldiers so delight in. The carpenters built it; the linemen installed the telephone; and the electricians wired it for lighting.

The two boys who have had the thriving little business in charge were subsequently assigned to the quartermaster's department, thus fitting in to a place for which they had had an incidental training. So it may be seen that remarkable efficiency and economy have characterized every phase of the work. Everything has been utilized to the end of converting each youth into an expert in some line that is involved in the prosecution of the war.

Eight hours a day the boys have applied themselves to this vocational work. Every



*Linemen at Work*

course has been essentially laboratory in its method, and hence practical to the last degree. Military drill has claimed two strenuous hours of the daily program, one in the morning and one just before mess call at night. The young men were in fine mettle when they departed, supple, straight and hardened to a point that they could perform easily tasks that formerly they would have wilted under. They are better for the discipline in every way. And not least of the excellent results is the fact that they will be a prized asset to their communities when they return home to ply their trades in the peaceful pursuits of construction and building.

The problem of feeding three times a day a half thousand men has been no trivial one. The government is very particular about the care of its men, and exceedingly watchful of every detail that might directly or indirectly affect their health. Three meals a day of substantial food is one specification. The University has been able to meet this requirement fully and satisfactorily. The Emery Memorial House, heretofore used for a men's dormitory, has been converted into a huge cafeteria

with table room that could accommodate the whole detachment in only two relays. Every man his own waiter, was the plan; hence there was little grumbling about poor service. The only complaint registered was by a government inspector who warned that the men were being fed too much.

Fitting up a temporary barracks was another big task. It was decided that since the training school building was not in use during the Summer months it could be utilized to good advantage for sleeping quarters. So the rooms were stripped of their furniture and fixtures and cots set up on every floor. This, sup-



*University of Utah Detachment Radio Class*

plemented by a hundred bunks in the assembly room, was adequate to the needs of housing the 453 vocational guests of the University.

Recreation, plentiful and wholesome, has not been wanting. The Hostess House, established by the Women's Faculty Club as an adjunct to the detachment, has looked to the social needs of the boys every day of the week. With headquarters in the administration building, the faithful hostesses have brought cheer into the leisure hours of the draftees by providing musicals, dancing parties, and excursions, to break the monotony of routine drill life. They have been furnished with wholesome reading in a special way, beside having access to the school's magnificent library. Free stationery on which to write to loved ones, and a secluded corner for the purpose, have been provided every young man. Moreover, they have had the pleasant and



refining association of the women registered at the University for the summer quarter.

Early in the summer a band of thirty pieces was organized among the boys in training. It has furnished many open-air concerts for the entertainment and delight of all on the campus. Several singers of exceptional ability were numbered among the drafted men, and these, too, were pressed frequently into service. By August 12, enough talent had been discovered and developed that a successful concert was ventured in the Salt Lake theatre. The proceeds were put into a mess fund.

Many commendatory things might be said of the detachment school, but suffice it to remark, in conclusion, that the



*Battery Assembled for Retreat*

whole venture proved unqualifiedly successful. The highest compliment is the Government's request that it be continued, on a larger scale, for an indefinite period. Accordingly, detachments will be trained on the campus, coming in relays two months apart, for at least another year.

The venture of the summer has been something of an experiment, but through the cooperative guidance of President John A. Widtsoe and Captain Will A. Dietrick, officer in charge, it has proved a triumph as a short-cut educational device. So the Government's scheme has fully demonstrated its efficacy. It is increasing the Nation's might in waging a righteous war; it is making sturdy men of the country's youth; and not least, it is building up a power for civic enterprise that will vitalize and quicken community life when peace shall reign again.

# There's a Letter a-Coming for You

WORDS AND MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note G#4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The left staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note D3, a quarter note E3, and a half note F#3. The tempo is marked *Moderato* and the dynamic is *mf*. The introduction concludes with a *Rit.* (ritardando) marking and a final chord.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 3/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note G#4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The left staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note D3, a quarter note E3, and a half note F#3. The tempo is marked *Moderato* and the dynamic is *mf*. The system concludes with a *Rit.* (ritardando) marking and a final chord.

The second system of the song consists of a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 3/4 time signature. It features a series of notes, including a half note G#4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 3/4 time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note G#4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The left staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note D3, a quarter note E3, and a half note F#3. The tempo is marked *Moderato* and the dynamic is *mf*. The system concludes with a *Rit.* (ritardando) marking and a final chord.

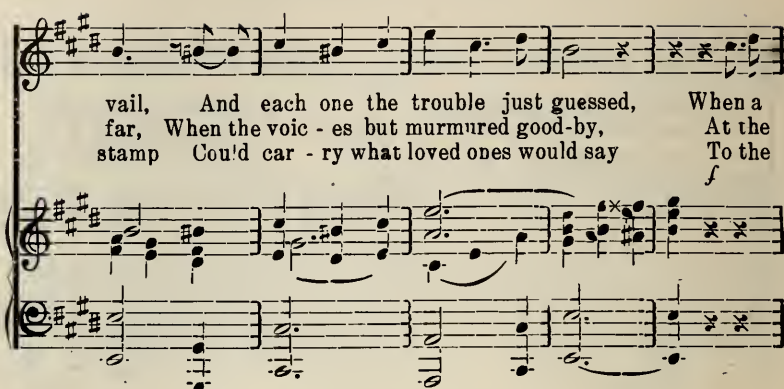
1 As the boys grouped together one night in the camp, All  
 2 And the load seemed to lift from the sore, weary crowd, As they  
 3 There's a let - ter a - coming, yes man - y to come, Though

(R. H. play an octave lower throughout. Parts may also be sung humming: first and second tenors and first bass singing from upper, and second bass from lower, staff of accompaniment)

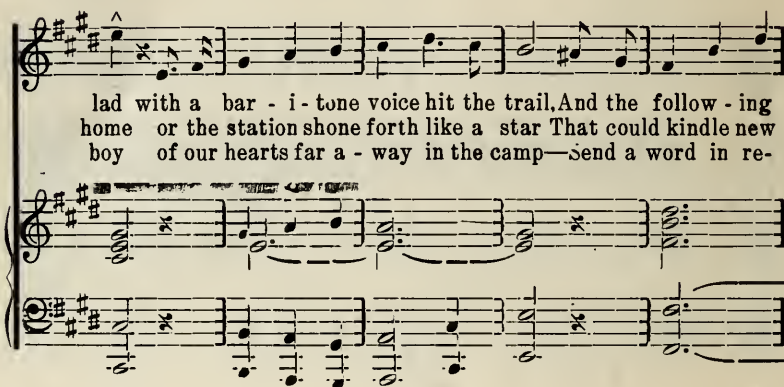
weary and downcast a bit, When the day had been  
took up the cheery re - frain, And they sang it and  
oft you may ea - ger - ly wait; But you've not been for

dreary and misty and damp, And their dim little light had been  
sang it a - gain and a - gain, Ever hearty and jol - ly and  
gotten, dear laddie, at home, And the letter will come, e'en tho'

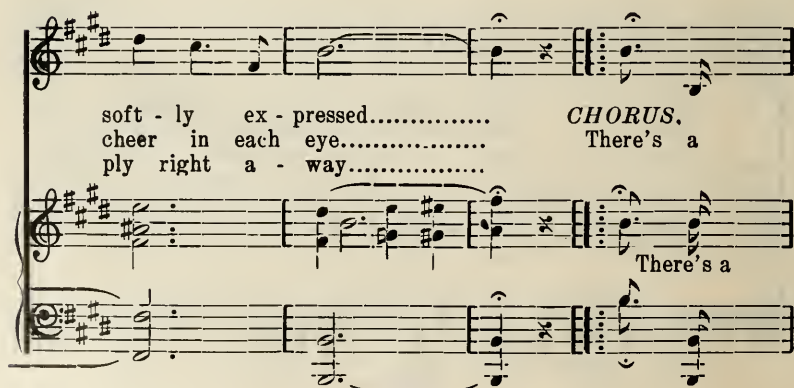
lit, A silence un - us - u - al seemed to pre-  
loud; And the smiles of the loved ones so dear and so  
late. And nev - er for - get that no three penny



vail, And each one the trouble just guessed, When a  
 far, When the voic - es but murmured good-by, At the  
 stamp Could car - ry what loved ones would say To the  
*f*



lad with a bar - i - tone voice hit the trail, And the follow - ing  
 home or the station shone forth like a star That could kindle new  
 boy of our hearts far a - way in the camp—Send a word in re-



soft - ly ex - pressed..... *CHORUS.*  
 cheer in each eye..... There's a  
 ply right a - way.....  
 There's a



let - ter a - com-ing, old boy, dear boy, From a somebody

*ad lib. a tem.*

let - ter a - com-ing old boy, dear boy, From a somebody

*Tempo ad lib. Slower Cres.*

ten - der and true ..... Just a let-ter from home that will  
ten - der, tender and true,

tee - der and true ..... Just a let-ter from home that will  
ten - der, tender and true,

give you joy; There's a letter a - coming for you.

*The accompanying voices should join in chorus, singing the words, only in the repeat after first verse.*

# How to Lessen Contributions to Crime

Study for the M. I. A. Advanced Senior Classes

## *Introduction*

Where there is no vision the people perish—this is eminently true of communities. The commercial vision of America has filled the land with large cities from coast to coast. Unfortunately for some communities the commercial vision is so large that it obscures all other visions. Yet there are in every county and in every state, cities, towns, and villages that, if they would emerge from obscurity, and become attractive homes for people of ideals and purpose, must develop personality and uniqueness. Oxford, England, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, are known the world over, despite the fact that one city is located a few miles from London, and the other a few miles from Boston. London can not obscure Oxford, nor Boston Cambridge. Both cities have had educational visions. The scripture tells us of a city that had a vision of righteousness and God took it unto himself. Evidently the other cities near by lacked this vision or they too would have been marked for God's favor. The Scripture also tells us of two cities where the vision was that of crime and unrighteousness; these were marked for God's disfavor and he destroyed them. The question confronting every community is that of making it safe for righteousness. The purpose of these lessons is to make a survey of the forces in communities that are contributing to crime, to the end of reducing it to a minimum, or eliminating the crime.

In the early history of our state there was a community known for its unrighteousness. Brigham Young sent a stalwart, worthy man to that community to eliminate these forces and make it safe for righteousness. This leader worked and cooperated with other men sent there for its redemption. Finally there came to that city moral, spiritual and intellectual visions, and lastly visions of civic pride. Today the saloon is closed and the lewd woman is no longer found. The streets are lined with shade trees of many varieties, and the lawns are well kept; there are beautiful churches, schools and houses in every part. An art expert who has traveled the world over many times came into the valley where this city is located, and viewing it from the side-hills, exclaimed, "this is one of the three most beautiful valleys in the world." In the days when that valley was the rendezvous of cut-throats and thieves, and drunkards, and liars, its energies were all used to belittle its natural possibilities; when it got a vision of righteousness, everything went to heighten its natural possibilities. Eventually the good, the true, and the beautiful must be locked together, if a civilization is to be permanent. It is of no profit to this world that the Germans have made Berlin beautiful, having generated within its limits a force that seeks to destroy Paris, a force that in all probability will react and eventually destroy Berlin.

Had the vast energies and power of the German empire, all so highly organized, been organized for God and his righteousness instead of for the unholy purposes daily revealed, she might perchance have redeemed the world from iniquity.

Every community has within it forces that make for good or evil. The aim of these lessons is to awaken an interest that shall cause us to discover and discern what forces are righteous and what forces are unrighteous, to marshal all our strength against the retention and invasion of vice, and

to come to realize that the religion as taught by Jesus Christ, which religion has been revealed to the Latter-day Saints, is the only force that can be relied upon to eliminate evil and establish righteousness.

To successfully accomplish this end we must locate the evil, estimate its strength, count the forces that may be arraigned by the opposition, measure the forces that may be relied upon for the curtailment and elimination of said evil, then mobilize and marshal all forces for the attack.

### *Aims and Methods*

The topics selected for the lessons seek to set forth a type of crime characteristic of most communities. No one community may face all of these contributions to crime, but some of them are almost sure to be found, in a large or small degree, in every community. All lessons have a local as well as a general application.

Herewith follows a statement of aims and procedure and the list of lesson topics:

- I. Aim.
  - a. The awakening of universal interest in making our communities safe for righteousness.
  - b. The marshaling of all our forces against the invasion of vice.
  - c. The recognition of our religion as the deciding factor in the conflict.
- II. Plan of Procedure.
  - a. Each lesson will be a treatment of a topic under the following heads:
    1. A survey of the contribution of this evil to crime.
    2. A survey of the forces marshaled by this evil.
    3. A survey of the forces that may be marshaled against this evil.
    4. The mobilizing and marshaling of the forces against this evil.
    5. The plan of attack against the evil.
- III. List of Lesson Topics:
 

<p>For October:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Public Indifference.</li> <li>2. Lack and Laxity of Law.</li> <li>3. The Cigarette.</li> </ol> <p>For November.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4. Social Cliques.</li> <li>5. Card Playing.</li> <li>6. Public Dancing.</li> </ol> <p>For December:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>7. Poverty.</li> <li>8. Luxury.</li> <li>9. Greed.</li> </ol>	<p>For January:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>10. Ignorance.</li> <li>11. Indolence.</li> <li>12. Unrighteous Ambition.</li> </ol> <p>For February:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>13. Sentimental Sanction of Sin.</li> <li>14. Extravagance.</li> <li>15. Weakness of the Public Will.</li> </ol> <p>For March.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>16. Pleasure Worship.</li> <li>17. Sabbath Breaking.</li> <li>18. Civic Slothfulness.</li> </ol>
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### *Lesson I—Public Indifference*

#### *Lesson Statement:*

**Public indifference** is in and of itself a contributor to crime, because all crime and evil may flourish in its name and with its permission. Indifference is neither on the offensive nor the defensive.

A community that is divided in its sentiment on matters affecting public morals and welfare is in all probability in a much more healthy condition than the community that has no sentiment at all.

The man who wrote, "God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small town," must have been thinking of an indifferent small town. A city that boasts a great white way, whose lights make brilliant the saloon, the gambling den, the cabaret, and sometimes the brothel, is indifferent to making itself safe for righteousness.

Public indifference may contribute to crime in the town, state or nation, and may even have international scope.

An indifferent public may contribute to crime directly and indirectly. There are few persons who would not recognize that the saloon is a direct contribution to crime, while there are many who might not feel that the lack of a physical examiner in the schools is in any way connected with crime; and perhaps a greater number who would be reluctant to admit that a vacant house with half its windows broken might suggest crime.

What harm will come to a community as a result of indifference: to its water supply, to the existence of saloons and gambling dens, to enforcing the anti-cigarette law, to the sort of dancing it indulges in and the kind of amusements it presents, to the quarantine law, to the whereabouts of its children and youths at night time, to the fact that dogs infest the streets and fill women and children with alarm, to nation-wide prohibition, to the federal suffrage amendment?

In every community, state and nation are found conditions that are constantly contributing to crime. The recognition of such conditions is the first step towards its elimination.

The second is arousing the public conscience.

Indifference may be born of ignorance, prejudice, or selfish interest. Ignorance and prejudice may be overcome by information that enlightens; but it requires courage to overcome self-interest.

Public sentiment must be moulded in the direction of the problem to be solved. German propaganda, so successfully carried on in both neutral and enemy countries, is an amazing example of how iniquitous public sentiment based on error may be molded. Russia in large measure was conquered through propaganda; Italy has been threatened; the pacifists' attitude in the United States, emphasized.

The lessening and overcoming of German propaganda is the old story of beating the devil at his own game. The United States has found it a military necessity to establish a strong bureau of public information to which it has called its best talent, and which is publishing millions of pamphlets, which are being scattered broadcast over the land. German propaganda is doomed to failure, because it is the child of error, but the initiative zeal and resourcefulness with which it has been pushed may well be patterned after by those who are seeking the triumph of righteousness.

The overcoming of evil with good, the planting of truth where error has flourished, appear to have required struggle and fierce combat from the very beginning. Sometimes this struggle requires physical force, sometimes mental exertion, sometimes both. It is this dual situation that we are facing today. Said Dr. Parkhurst: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make much better time when some one is hot on their trail."

So with indifference towards public problems that make for the spiritual and moral health of a community. Most evil finds a vanishing point somewhere, but the vanishing may be hastened infinitely by wise leadership and organized effort. And if this wise leadership and organized effort culminate in the establishment of truth it shall endure because it is truth. This is the strength of the gospel of Christ as applied to all problems. It is the truth and the truth endureth forever.

Nothing is possible in a democracy, without public sentiment behind it, said Abraham Lincoln. If this be true, the converse is also true, that everything is possible with an enlightened public sentiment behind it.



*Problems and Questions.*

1. What conditions exist in your locality, daily contributing to crime, to which the public is indifferent?
2. What are the forces in your community that perpetuate a state of indifference?
3. Which of your community problems do you regard as direct contributions to crime, and which as indirect?
4. What is meant by surveying the forces behind indifference?
5. Why take account of the forces that may be marshaled in support and against an evil which a community is seeking to curtail or eradicate?
6. Illustrate wherein a righteous cause may meet disaster through lack of wise leadership and ineffective organization?
7. Show how the M. I. A. slogans are contributions towards the lessening of crime.
8. Summarize the value of the entire lesson as something curtailing the evil of indifference toward crime.

*Lesson II—Lack and Laxity of Law.*

Mr. Roosevelt truly said: "The corner stone of this republic, as of all free governments, is respect for and obedience to the law."

Undue delay in the administration of both civil and criminal law is the crying evil of the day.

The fault is not primarily with the judges nor with the lawyers. Incidentally, these administrators of the law can aid in the prompt and efficient administration of justice. It will require legislative enactments to reach the root of the evils.

President Taft, in speaking at Chicago, in September, 1909, said:

"It is not too much to say that the administration of the criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administration to bring criminals to justice. Of all the questions that are before the American people, I regard no one as more important than this, to-wit: The improvement of the administration of justice."

Prof. Vance, when Dean of the University of Washington, said:

"We lead the world in most of the great struggles mankind is making, but in the administration of the law, America lags two generations behind the rest of the civilized world."

If reverence for the law is to "become the political religion of the nation," as Lincoln thought, and if "the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and conditions" are to "sacrifice unceasingly at its altars" some reforms must be made, or the sacrifices will not be voluntary ones.

Such reforms should be made that the time and money of poor litigants be not used in settling points of procedure or technical law.

Some delay in law is desirable so that litigants may have time to cool.

In England about one-third of all cases commenced in court are compromised.

What delay should be provided as a "cooling time?"

Court dockets are sometimes congested by cases which should never have been brought, or by defenses which should not have been made. When money is worth more than the legal or agreed interest, a defense may be made for delay only.

"A busy lawyer may by reason of his many engagements readily render impossible the trial of a particular case which his adversary wishes to try." In other words, a court will not require a man to be in two courts at the same time. How can these evils of delay be remedied?

Much of the time of the courts has been spent in the trial of personal injury cases. The establishment in Utah of the Industrial Commission and the fixing of rates of compensation by employers of their employees for personal injuries and deaths will dispense with the trial of many damage cases in the courts. Why not apply the same principle to other relations than employer and employee? Why not permit a person in buying a railroad ticket to pay a little more and be compensated at a fixed ratio if personally injured on the trip by accident or by negligence of the railroad company?

The crime of perjury is a very common offense in trials in which an issue of facts is involved. A remedy suggested is that the jury should be required to find whether any witness before it has been guilty of false swearing and to name the witness. The judge could be required to do the same thing in cases tried before the court. Should this experiment be tried?

Disputed wills, being a fruitful source of litigation and perjury, it has been suggested that laws be enacted permitting a person to prove his will before he dies so that he may testify to his intentions. Do you think such an expedient edvisable to enact?

Delays during trial are sometimes caused by unnecessary or improper cross-examination and personal altercations between counsel. This should be stopped by the judge, and counsel required to address the court and not each other. Time can be saved by tactful suggestions by the court to counsel.

In an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 104, November, 1909, entitled, "Treadmill Justice," by Geo. W. Alger, instances are given of the outrageous delays involved in appellate practice in New York. One case had been tried seven times. Another had been tried three times, and the expenses had absorbed the value of the property in litigation. Still another case was in litigation from 1882 to 1902, when the plaintiff became so sick and disheartened at the "law's delays" that he refused to go on with his case.

Delays incident to appeals to higher courts can be avoided by laws, requiring juries to make special findings of fact, the courts to apply the law.

In the Federal courts the judge instructing the jury can give a summary of the evidence and give help to an inexperienced jury in finding the facts. This is not permitted in our State courts. Should it not be allowed? If the disinterested trial judge, skilled in the trial of cases, can not be trusted, who can be?

Can you advise a better remedy for numerous appeals on technical points of procedure than the enactment of a statute as proposed by the American Bar Association, as follows:

"No judgment shall be set aside, or reversed, or new trial granted, by any court of the United States in any case, civil or criminal, on the ground of misdirection of the jury or the improper admission or rejection of evidence, or for error as to any matter of pleading or procedure, unless, in the opinion of the court to which application is made, after an examination of the entire cause, it shall appear that the error complained of has injuriously affected the substantial rights of the parties."

Homicides in the United States, increased from 1,266 in 1887, to 9,000 in 1908. The total in fifteen years was 133,192, more by twenty thousand than were killed during the Civil War. Louisville, Ky., had 47 homicides during the year ending Aug. 1, 1910, while the city of London had only 19 in the year of 1909. Not one of the 47 were legally executed, while all the London murderers were executed or found insane, except one who died while waiting trial.

President Woodrow Wilson recently made an earnest and eloquent appeal to the American people to refrain from lynch law. In response to this urgent request, and in order not to give the enemy aid and comfort during the war period, brutal lynch law may cease for a time, but for a permanent cure we must lay the ax at the root of the tree, we must remove the cause for people taking the enforcement of law into their own hands. Lynchings generally occur on account of the lax administration of law by the courts. Reform our criminal procedure in the courts, and the people will not try to enforce law outside of the court room by brute force.

The intense feeling against crime and the one who commits it does not last to the time of the trial. President Eliot says: "The defenses of society against criminals have broken down. The impunity with which crimes of violence are committed is a disgrace to the country."

A mass of hair-splitting distinctions in favor of a defendant charged with crime has gradually been developed by the decisions of courts until now it is a difficult thing for a judge and prosecuting attorney of ordinary learning and experience to secure a conviction against a defendant whose money or friends can hire eminent counsel for his defense. Somewhere in the proceedings error can creep into the record, upon which a technical supreme court can reverse for error. After several trials and years of delay, the public lose interest in bringing the defendant to punishment, the prosecuting witnesses become worn out and disgusted; (particularly if the complaining witness is a young girl who has been wronged by the defendant) and the prosecution is allowed to lapse, with the resolve perhaps that next time the injured persons will take the enforcement of the law into their own hands.

#### *Problems.*

What remedies have you to suggest in order to secure an efficient administration of the criminal law?

Should a person charged with crime be required to give testimony in court? Is there any consistency in permitting a defendant to be tortured cruelly by police officers giving him the "third degree," and then in court, where he would be subject to the supervision and protection of the court in making statements or confessions, exempt him from the necessity of giving an account of the transaction? Who should be better informed as to the transaction than the defendant?

Should not a large part of the hair-splitting technicalities which have been developed in favor of a defendant be swept aside so that the public will receive proper protection as well as the criminal?

Are not many of the grounds upon which courts in the United States release criminals absurd?

Should old rules devised for the protection of the people against the encroachments of the crown, be perpetuated in this age when society needs protection against the criminal?

What effect does laxity of enforcing the criminal law have in fostering lynch law?

Does the lax enforcement of the curfew law and law against juvenile delinquents bear any relation to the crop of criminals? Should our juvenile courts be given power to punish juvenile delinquents?

Should your state have an asylum for the feeble minded?

What instances have come to your attention of the acquittal of the guilty by reason of unreasonable legal technicalities?

Can much hope be placed in the needed reform to be given by lawyers who have become accustomed to the present legal system?

Will it not be necessary for forces outside the profession to lead in the necessary reform legislation?

(We suggest that a lawyer be asked to aid the class leader in the presentation of this lesson.)



*Lesson III—The Cigarette and Tobacco**Lesson statement:*

Our object in this lesson is to show how the use of cigarettes and tobacco contributes to crime and then how we may lessen that contribution.

Tobacco a contribution to crime. The use of tobacco may contribute to crime, both in the individual and in the community.

The cigarette is an enemy to cleanliness and whatever is against personal cleanliness contributes also to personal degeneracy and evil.

Whatever contributes to the individual's degeneracy contributes also to the degeneracy of the community.

The boy who uses tobacco loads himself with a heavy handicap for the race of life and excludes himself from employment in some of the great industries of the world.

Being excluded from proper employment, he devises schemes and methods to keep himself busy and these are frequently such as contribute to crime.

Anything that destroys a man's strength and efficiency is a crime against manhood and the crime against the individual manhood of a community is a crime against the community.

From the medical tests taken by efficient doctors, it has been clearly shown that the smoking of cigarettes and tobacco increases the heart rate and blood pressure.

Muscular precision is affected. The smoking of a single cigar has shown loss of physical precision, and accuracy.

In rifle shooting, so important in these days of war, the tests in accuracy were affected by smoking a single cigar or cigarette. (See article by Dr. Fisher, *Era*, September, 1918, p. 984.)

The use of cigarettes by boys and young men leads to destruction of their character, in that they become indifferent to the truth and frequently lie, steal, and cheat. (See p.220, *Tobacco and Human Efficiency*, Dr. Pack; also *Era*, Sept., 1918, pp. 981 and 984-6.)

How now can these evils be counteracted and the crimes that follow in their wake be lessened?

In the first place a proper enlightenment of the evil results of smoking and chewing should be demonstrated to the young people. The evil effects physically, mentally and morally on man should be clearly shown by competent authorities. The boys and girls should be told the truth about tobacco and the physical, mental and moral havoc that it works in the user.

They should be made to understand and have a clear knowledge of the economic waste in the use of tobacco.

Proper example and teaching in the home should be observed.

The word of the Lord should be impressed upon children from an early age. "Tobacco is not good for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill" (Doc. and Cov. 89:8).

An aggressive, systematic, and united public agitation concerning the evils of tobacco should be begun and an aggressive propaganda carried on.

Proper laws and regulations limiting, or abolishing its sale should be adopted, and officers elected who will execute the law. Where such laws are already passed all officers should be compelled to do their full duty in enforcing the laws and punishing the offenders.

*Problems.*

1. Show how cigarette smoking and the use of tobacco contribute to crime.



2. Why does the public solicitation of funds for smokes for the soldiers add to the problems of men who are trying to develop character in boys?

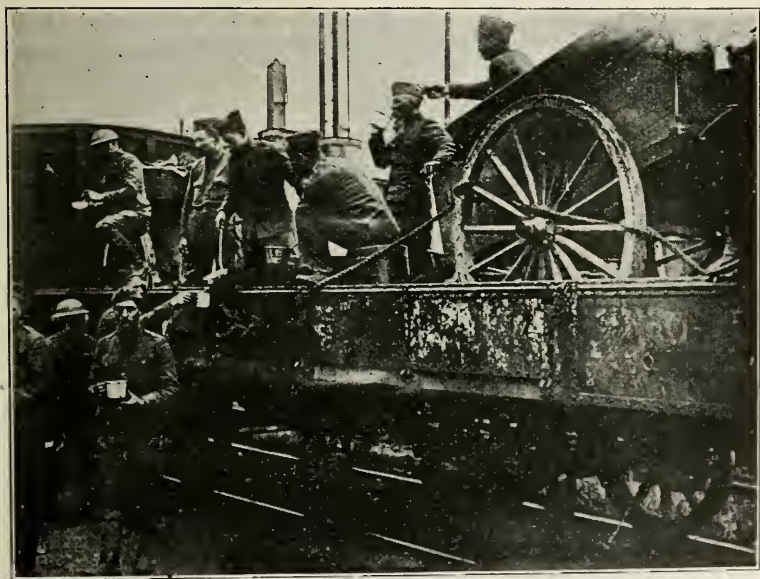
3. What do you think of the ethics of a man who believes tobacco is injurious and yet who advertises and sells it in his store?

4. Show how the observance of the word of the Lord would lessen largely the contribution to crime in the use of cigarettes and tobacco.

5. Why should the word of the Lord be final with all Latter-day Saints regarding tobacco? (Doc. and Cov. 89:8).

6. What action can be taken in this ward to lessen the contributions to this evil?

7. Thomas A. Edison says: "The elimination of all stimulant would be a fine thing for the race. The temperance movement's advance ought to be a subject for general congratulation. Presently we shall be cutting out tobacco, tea, and coffee, and we shall be better for it."



*French Official Photograph. © Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.*

### *"Yankee Doughboys" Entrained for the Front Line Trenches*

These are the types of the American boys who have been the recipients of General Pershing's praise, especially in the Chateau-Thierry sector. The Yankee boys in this sector and in other parts of the battle line took many prisoners and machine guns. The boys shown in this picture are on their way to the front line trenches and are stopping along the road for refreshments. They were doubtless in the great counter attacks which stopped the fifth German Drive, July 18, and later made the Americans heroes of the Marne-Rheims-Soissons battles that followed in July and August.



## The Social Hall

*By Professor Maud May Babcock, of the University of Utah.*

The gospel is all truth, and blazes the way toward all good. Latter-day Saints have advocated wholesome amusement in direct contrast with, and to the horror of other churches. Some of these consider entertainment to be of the devil, and by ignoring the eternal principle that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" think they have solved the problem.

The Church, on the other hand, has stimulated and provided entertainment even when crushed with such sorrows and faced by such struggles as history only accords to the followers of new revelation. Our people believe that what we do with our leisure shows what we really are, and so we build splendid amusement halls in every ward.

It is unfortunate that we are not providing our own amusement in these halls as much as was done in the past, and as should be done. We are too often allowing the deteriorating movie and cheap, vulgar drama to sap the high ideals of our young people. The noted artistic taste of the people has been perverted by commercialized amusements, and the ability to appreciate the best is now only found in our small communities far from the larger settlements.

The Mutual Improvement Associations, however, are doing

much to encourage better plays, and are urging the young people to direct, and give these plays themselves. These associations are earnestly endeavoring, by every means, to bring back the day when the Saints shall again love the best in drama, music and art.

In the days of Nauvoo, instructed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Saints provided for themselves the best in drama and music. A local stock company was organized, which supported such visiting stars as Thomas A. Lyne, an actor of wide repute, one who had played with Edwin Forrest, the elder Booth, Charlotte Cushman and others—the best actors this country has ever produced. Many of the leading brethren and sisters were members of the stock company, and Brigham Young himself took the part of the High Priest, in Mr. Lyne's production of "Pizarro."

When on the dreary march across the desert waste, nightly entertainments were given wherever the Saints camped, in order that their long journey might be brightened. Soon after the pioneers came to Salt Lake, the Musical and Dramatic Association was formed, and dramatic performances were given in the old "Bowery," a place where the Saints held meetings in the summer and which stood in the Temple block, near where the Tabernacle now stands. An amusement hall was built in 1850, near the Warm Springs, but was used chiefly for dancing, and was soon abandoned, as it was too far to walk to and from the homes, over the dark, unlighted roads.



*Ellen Van Volkenburg*

In response to a constantly-increasing demand for dramatic and musical entertainment among the people, Brigham Young had the Social Hall erected in 1852-3—the first house built in Utah for dramatic purposes. In the fall of 1852 the Deseret Dramatic Association, the mother of all community amateur dra-



matic associations since, was formed, Brigham Young holding an honorary membership. The Social Hall was opened with a



*Maurice Browne*

dance in the early winter of 1852, but the great event of that season was the dramatic opening which occurred in January, 1853, the play of "Don Caesar de Bazan" being the bill. James Ferguson was given the leading role, and the success of the company was immediate, the house being kept open for a round of theatrical performances; in fact, for ten years, until the Salt Lake Theatre was built, in 1862, the Social Hall was the principal place of amusement for the

people of Salt Lake as well as for those who came from various parts of the territory. The opening of the Social Hall marked an epoch in the development of civilization in the Rocky Mountains, for even San Francisco, at this time, could not boast of such a fine home for the drama, nor did they have as splendid company of actors, nor as ambitious plays.

After the Salt Lake Theater was opened, in 1862, the Social Hall was only used for small local theatricals, dances, dinners and socials. In later years it was utilized as a private school by Miss Mary E. Cook—a teacher who made the school dear to the hearts of the prominent men and women in Utah today. Afterwards the Latter-day Saints College occupied the building at various times.

In the fall of 1893, the first gymnasium to be fully equipped in the state was opened in this building and was continued for six years until it was turned over to the old Salt Lake stake Mutual Improvement Associations. The splendid Deseret Gymnasium has now taken its place. The hall has also been used as an art gallery, a cafeteria for the Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Associations of the four city stakes, and many other purposes.



Now, after all the changes and alterations to suit such varied uses, it is to come at last to its own again.

The general authorities of the Church have yielded to pure sentiment, and in these days when the tendency generally is to hold only money sacred—these brethren have put aside the many entreaties to utilize this very valuable ground for commercial purposes, and are having the building restored, and preserved as a monument to the energy, long-sightedness and progressiveness of the pioneers. It is to be a memorial to the world that the Saints hold that wholesome amusements are a necessity, and that “the use of a nation’s leisure is the test of its civilization;” that, “no more important consideration exists for a busy people than the matter of their leisure.”

Miller, Woolley and Evans, the architects, sons of pioneers, have enthusiastically devoted their time and talents to restoring the building, and putting it into condition for use. They are replastering the building, painting the exterior yellow and white as it was originally. Steps from the raised dais will lead to the entrance from the north and south, and a bronze plate, set in the front of the platform, will tell, briefly, the history of the building.

The inside is being fitted for a beautiful, small, intimate theater. The walls will be tinted gray, and two chandeliers provided in the places of those which held the tallow candles in the days when President Brigham Young blessed and dedicated the building. A vestibule will be partitioned at the front door. The auditorium will be seated with two hundred leather upholstered opera chairs, with mahogany arms, while the ends of the rows will be painted gray and silver. The procenium curtain, and the hangings at the colonial windows will be of deep, wine-red color, with silver trimming. Gray carpet will cover the floor. All in all, the architects have provided a simple, harmonious, tasteful interior, where the entertainment-seeker will find a real amusement-home, and enjoy peace and recreation, after a busy day, where one may meet in close companionship the actors in the joy and uplift of the spoken drama.

On the mezzanine floor, which is connected with stage and auditorium, dressing rooms and lockers are to be provided for the actors, while the stage will be fitted with apparatus for indirect lighting, dimmers, simple scenery, and all mechanical devices for the new stage craft. It will be the only theater in Salt Lake where the new lighting and scenic investment may be found.

The Church authorities have most generously loaned this building to the University of Utah, to be used as a laboratory for its dramatic courses, and as a little theater. The University will bring the great artists of the drama here from far away, to teach,

act, and direct. In the fall, Maurice Browne, the foremost director in America, and Ellen Van Volkenburg, a most versatile actress, co-directors of the Chicago Little Theater, will reopen the Social Hall the last of September.

The Varsity Players, a company chosen because they love the drama, will support the visiting artists, and will prepare a series of entertaining plays, at popular prices. The performances will be given every other week during the season, lasting from September to April.

In these strenuous, uncertain days of the great war, the people left behind must find wholesome entertainment, and those who come back after this awful scourge, must find an amusement-home provided in which they may be rehabilitated. This reopening of the dear Hall, for the uncommercial drama, meets and provides for the needs of the day. So at last the old shall meet the new, and the first theater in Utah shall be the home of the first, new, insurgent theater in the state.



*French Official Photograph. © Underwood & Underwood N. Y.*

*American Soldiers on the March to the Front Line Trenches*

With a step that bespeaks a lightness of heart, and with the eternal American smile "that just won't come off" these Yankee "Doughboys" are making their way along a road somewhere in Flanders to join their comrades in the front line trenches.

# EDITORS' TABLE

## Helpfulness

In these war times it behooves every capable man and woman to be engaged in safeguarding, protecting and leading aright the children and youth of their particular community.

Let us get down off any high pedestal that we may be selfishly occupying and do our part. Remember the admonition of Jesus, as well as his example: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. \* \* \* I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

There are Pharisees in our day, who consider themselves as whole and righteous, quite as unwilling to do anything for what they consider "publicans and sinners" as were those of old. The Savior's retort to the Pharisees, mingled as it undoubtedly was with a species of sarcasm and irony, apply to this class of people today. and they may well take to themselves also his further saying: "Go ye and learn what that meaneth." Undoubtedly the conclusion will be reached by some at least that his language meant condemnation for self-righteousness, and ridicule for their claims to superiority.

It is a clear duty for all who are not otherwise engaged in the present world conflict to devote their ability and untiring energies to prevent the rising generation from being left in sin and wickedness. This can be done by the extension of a helping hand, by mingling, working and eating with them, as did the Savior, and by exercising one's effort and leadership for their benefit and blessing. The true teacher and leader is the servant:

"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Are you doing your full duty? If not, offer your services as a willing helper to your bishop, to the organizations in your ward, even where such actions would seem to be to your own inconvenience. In dire need of leadership, the Sunday School, the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., the scout organizations, the Primary and Religion classes are crying out for such service. Let us respond in helpfulness to the call, and take upon ourselves to some extent the responsibility of being our brother's keeper, that we may aid in his salvation, and avoid falling under the condemnation of the Lord.



## Sentiments from the Soldiers

### *Preaching the Gospel by Living It.*

David I. Pearson, Supply Company, 62nd Infantry, Camp Fremont, California: "The boys in our camp have a red triangle club on Tuesday evenings at which Mr. Glade is president, and we are studying the "Articles of Faith" by Talmage. We have testimony meetings at the Y. M. C. A., and all seem to enjoy the meetings very much. Our only way of preaching the gospel, except in rare instances, is by living it, which is the most effective way that it could be preached. Each of the boys in the camp is doing his very best to accomplish this purpose."

### *Value of Scout Training*

Howard B. Anderson, who left Utah with a number of University of Utah boys for the Officers' Training Camp, at Camp Fremont, California, May 15, and was later sent to the 9th Battery, Field Artillery Central Officers' Training Camp, at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, writes to his brother Leland under date of July 9. He was formerly scout master of troop No. 11, Richards ward. He says:

"I hope you are getting along O. K. with the scouts. I wish I could be there to help take them for a week's camp in the mountains. Not that I'm not getting enough out-door life, but just by way of having a change and sleeping under the stars in the old Rockies. I wish I had been a first-class scout when I joined the army. Almost everything I did learn I have already reviewed under Uncle Sam's supervision. These include semaphore, wig-wag, and buzzer signalling, some first aid, knot-tying, and the practical carrying out of the scout oath and law. I think there is no exception in the latter two which a soldier does not live up to if he does merely his duty as prescribed by his oath and army regulations and the unwritten laws of barrack life. I still carry my scout card in the note book in my shirt pocket, and refer to it as my code. I think it contains about all that any man should be expected to live up to. It's a high standard for a soldier; so, if you can bring up a bunch of scouts to feel that way about their scout work, you've done about as much, I figure, as the Big Judge could expect of anybody. You can do more, I believe, there than you or anyone else could here. Stick to it, old boy. Tell Troop 11, 'hello' for me and read or tell them what I have just told you. It applies to every scout."

### *Religion in the Army*

Private Lawrence F. Wooley writes to a friend from New Orleans: "I am a member of the Medical Department of the 43rd Inf. as well as a member of the L. D. S. Church. While I was stationed at Camp Pike I received several copies of the *Era* and enjoyed them very much. They were very popular in our Detachment as there are several young men with us who are members of the Church, and many who are not members, who are very interested in the work.

"While in New Orleans I have met the missionaries, especially Elder Reed who is an old school mate of mine. I got a great deal of good out of my visits with them, and they certainly seemed to enjoy seeing some of the fellows from home. Visits of this kind give mutual benefit by bracing those who participate in them against the outside influences that are always seeking to tear down and destroy faith. Moreover, it lets our boys who are out facing the world and its cynicism with the divine truths of the gospel that they are not entirely alone, but have behind them the good wishes of all the members of the faith. A soldier is peculiarly exposed to temptations, but I can truthfully say that our boys have carried themselves better in every way than the others. They seem to be more fully equipped to combat the difficulties of life. Some of us have done foolish things, but the



others are always ready to steady and help the one who errs. So, instead of continuing along the wrong way, they soon come back into the right again.

"There is one thing of which I would like to speak more fully than I will have time for at this writing, and that is the wonderful way our boys are carrying their religion with them into the army and living it. I should like to tell of the way the other fellows look up to them, and respect them, and how many of these outsiders come to us to ask serious questions and investigate. Also it is remarkable how the young fellows in the service are so open-minded and are all eager to find out for themselves the truth. Surely this is a good sign that the people are eagerly striving upward toward the light of the everlasting gospel."

### *Letters of Encouragement Wanted*

From Corp. O. E. Howell the home folks have received a message from which these extracts are culled: I wish to convey a message, which I feel is the reply from the hearts of every soldier and sailor in the service, in answer to the question from home, "what can we do to help?"

"Get in and get it over" is the soldiers' motto, and we look to you for the real support.

The call comes to the home folks for money. We must give until it hurts to give. The government says, "stamp out sedition." We must overcome the spirit of "let the other guy go, he wants adventure;" and instead of this half heartedness supplant enthusiasm and determination.

From across the Atlantic, comes the call for food to feed the starving children, and struggling soldiers. This must be supplied. All these are calls we all sense, and they are being repeated enough; possibly too much, for there is danger of overemphasis, making them too common to awaken response.

But there is one call to you, which is not commonly made and yet is as vital I think as any. That is the call from the hearts of our boys "over there"—the call for moral and spiritual support.

"Over there," in that shell-torn hell, they are facing a terrible demon, and they do it with the spirit of the Yankee fighter. Seeing it, the Hun halts, and his bloody hand trembles, for he knows it is folly to fight with such a force. In the Yankee's cheer for democracy, the autocrat hears his doom.

As the soldier boy stands there fighting and cheering with such enthusiasm, although his face is calm, his heart cries out; and he wonders if those at home sense his sacrifice. He dares and does as a part of the day's work, but his heart, at times, grows sick, and he wonders at his own calmness.

Are we giving him the needed moral support? Send him letters, for only a soldier knows what it means to get—or not get, a letter. A soldier at Portland, Oregon, recently, in a fit of loneliness, attempted to desert, an extreme example, which illustrates the great need of friendly sympathy.

Send the soldier boy news of the home doings, tell him how proud you are of him. Pray for him that his courage will not fail. Help him to keep himself clean, efficient,—“fit” always, in body and mind. He must get from home loyalty, assurance, and an unwavering faith in a just God. He must have those letters, that assurance, that loyalty, those prayers, if he is to continue to smile, and fight, and die—and shout “play ball.”

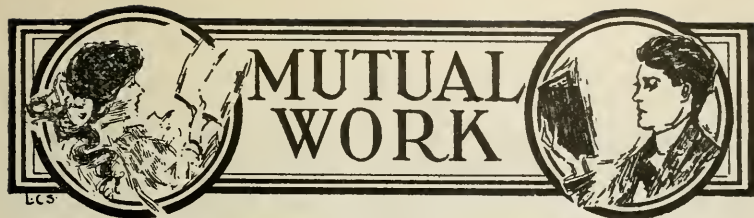
## --- Books

*Pertinent Facts on Utah's Loyalty and War Record* is the title of a pamphlet of twenty-four pages recently issued by Elder Benjamin Goddard

of the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City, Utah. Candid inquirers on the loyalty of the people of Utah will find in this pamphlet many items of great interest sustaining the declaration that Utah and her people have always been loyal to the government of the United States. A number of pages are devoted to a compilation of statements by noted authority on what this state and her people have done in the great war now terrorizing the world. The information, of course, is not complete, for every day adds to the patriotic sacrifices in men and money of the people of the state who willingly and patriotically render the service because they believe such service to be approved of the Lord and necessary that the gospel of peace and righteousness may at length with liberty prevail among the nations of the earth.

*Tobacco and Human Efficiency* is the title of a new book, just issued from the presses of the *Deseret News*, whose author is Dr. Frederick J. Pack, Deseret Professor of Geology, University of Utah. The book is published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Its three hundred and twenty pages are full of examples and illustrations of the evils of tobacco: economical, physical, mental, moral. The author fairly outlines the findings of modern scientific investigations touching the matter of tobacco and its influence on man's efficiency. Besides the foreword, which gives a very striking illustration of why smokers are always in the rear in hiking, there are twenty-seven chapters, some of which are entitled, "Poisonous Factors of Tobacco;" "Cigarettes Especially Objectionable;" "Tobacco and Disease;" "Tobacco and College Scholarships;" "Business World and Tobacco;" "Social Aspects of the Tobacco Habit;" "The Cost of Tobacco;" "Tobacco and Scholarship in the Grades;" "Tobacco and Juvenile Delinquency;" "Women as Affected by the Tobacco Habit;" "Tobacco and Spirituality;" "Tobacco and our Soldiers." The final chapter treats on "The Attitude of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Towards the Use of Tobacco." The book is a contribution of encouragement to clean life well worth the careful study and consideration of every young man in the Church.

*Dry-Farming*, published some years ago by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, president of the University of Utah, and which was translated at the time into French and published under the auspices of the French government; also in Spanish, published by the chief publishing firm of Madrid; and besides, in the Hungarian, Russian, Japanese and Swedish, has now been translated into and published in the Italian language, according to information received by Dr. Widtsoe from Guido Rossati, its translator. It is published by the Italian Ministry of the Colonies by consent of the Macmillan Company, New York. It has been carefully revised by the International Institute of Agriculture, at Rome, and a number of leading professors, interested in dry-farming in the Italian colonies. Prof. E. DeCillis, director of the agricultural office of the Tripolitania, has written an introduction. He critically discusses the scientific principles of dry-farming and of their adaptability under different conditions, more especially under those encountered in southern Italy and the Italian colonies. Referring to the book, he says, "This is the manual needed. If it is true that faith works miracles, no other work can be more valuable than this by Widtsoe, because written by a man whose faith in the possible redemption of the desert is ardent and unlimited. This faith is breathed through every page of the book with suggestive power to impress and convince even the most skeptical. And, since in the desert region of the United States, dry-farming has already yielded notable success, this proves the undoubted utility of the book which is presented as a guide to the farmer in the arid sections of Italy and its colonies."



## Four Essential Things to Be Taken Care of Early

These suggestions come from the Superintendency of the Box Elder stake, to their officers:

**Membership:** Many of your boys have gone to assist in the great war for the liberty of the world, and as a consequence you will have to fill up your ranks with a good many men who have not heretofore been with you. You are asked to make a thorough drive for membership. Call on every family in the ward and urge every male from 12 to 100 years of age to enroll in your splendid association. *It is absolutely essential. We must have the members.*

**"Era" and the Fund:** It has been decided by the stake and ward officers to make a detailed and complete canvass of each ward for the *Era* and the Fund, before Sept. 1. Brother \_\_\_\_\_ of the Stake Board has been appointed to assist you. "DO IT NOW" is the slogan. This is the best time of year to get money.

**War Savings Campaign:** In our convention circular, we are asked the question, "Do you have a War Savings Stamp Club?" Everybody has pledged to buy War Savings Stamps, so it will be an easy matter for you to appoint a brother to act as chairman of the club and one as secretary, if it has not already been done, and then they can be energetic in doing their best to see that the pledges are made good.

**Four Big Things:** Membership, *Era*, Fund, and the War Savings Club to be organized. *Make one thorough and complete canvass for the Membership, Era and Fund.*

## Suggestions for an Opening Social

(Let the Action be Lively, Get Through)

1. "Come, Come, Ye Saints."
2. Prayer.
3. "America."
4. "Display and Explanation of the Flags of the Allies."
5. "Demonstration of Army Bugle Calls," by Boy Scouts; or "Scout Law and Promise," etc.
6. "Call to Mutual Work," by an officer of the Young Men's, and an officer of the Young Ladies' M. I. A.
  - a. When to begin, and how.
  - b. What is it? (Class study, special activities, thrift stamps, scout and bee-hive work, etc.)
7. "The Service of the Red Cross" (Short explanation by young lady in costume).
8. Patriotic Song. (Select such as "Joan of Arc," "Liberty Bell," "The Flag Without a Stain," etc.)
9. Recitation. (Such as "Our Country's Call," Wm. Cullen Bryant; "Hats off; the Flag Goes By," Henry Holcomb Bennett; or "My Country," James Montgomery.)
10. Refreshments, entertainment by moving pictures, games, drama, or dance.
11. Dismiss by prayer. (Date Oct. 8, See *Era* August, 1918, p. 930.)



### On Ensign Peak

A patriotic rally under the auspices of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. of the Ensign stake of Zion was held on the summit of Ensign Peak on the evening of July 26, in commemoration of the first visit made by the pioneers. The explorers of the first party consisted of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Ezra T. Benson, Albert Carrington and William Clayton. The party climbed the hills west of the canyon and proceeded northward, the president still riding. "A good place to raise an ensign," he remarked, as they viewed the prospect before them when the summit was reached. Ensign Peak, the mountain was accordingly named, which title it still bears. From the top of Ensign, the view is sublime. In the evening of July 26, 1918, Orson F. Whitney was present and delivered a patriotic historical speech to the audience there assembled. The program besides consisted of the raising of the Stars and Stripes by Scout Troop 29, of the Ensign stake, patriotic music by the United States Military Training Detachment Band, of the University of Utah, which here made its first public appearance. There was also singing of pioneer songs. Six hundred people were in attendance and took part, and listened to the exercises of this patriotic rally in commemoration of the naming of the peak, seventy-one years ago. The visitors were amply repaid for their climb, not only by the excellent program, but in viewing the glorious sunset over the lake and in beholding Salt Lake City in the fading day, when thousands of electric lights sparkled among the million trees, and the valley lay in the twilight before them, beautiful and sublime in the extreme, surrounded as it was by the clear atmosphere of the mountains—so clear that Mt. Nebo, south of Utah valley, could easily be distinguished with the naked eye. It is intended that the rally shall be observed hereafter annually. Superintendent John D. Giles and his co-laborers of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. are congratulated on the success of the rally; in the face of what some people had predicted that not enough people could be induced to climb the peak to hold a rally, it was a grand achievement.

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### Annual Pioneer Trail Hike, 1918

The Over-the-Old-Pioneer-Trail Scout hike for 1918 consisted of an overnight camp on the property of President Heber J. Grant, at the mouth of Maple Canyon, near Little Mountain, in which some seventy-five boys took part, who had hiked from Salt Lake on the morning of the 23rd, with their scoutmasters and a considerable sprinkling of visitors from the city, and the camps in the neighborhood. The boys walked from their camp to the summit that evening, making a splendid hike, passing up nearly to the head of Maple Canyon. A bonfire was built on the summit of Little Mountain, around which the company gathered and heard short pioneer talks, Scout stories and songs. Junius F. Wells, the founder of the Y. M. M. I. A., under President Brigham Young, delivered the principal address, explaining in a language which held the Scouts' attention from start to finish, the celebration of the Twenty-fourth in Big Cottonwood Canyon, sixty-one years ago, and which he attended as a boy three years of age. He remembers the raising of the Stars and Stripes on the great, tall pine tree and the stunt made by the man who raised the flag of standing on his head on the top of the tree. Proof of the loyalty of the Latter-day Saints brought forth by the speaker was an inspiration to the assembled crowd and was loudly applauded. Other speakers who told stories of the pioneers and pioneering were William A. Morton, Bryant S. Hinckley, Jane B. Anderson of the Y. L. M. I. A. General Board, and Edward H. Anderson. Thomas Hull opened



the exercises with an inspiring prayer. A short talk was also given by Mr. Thomas E. Farrish, state historian of Arizona and an early pioneer.

Other exercises were held at camp that evening at which Pioneer W. C. A. Smoot told the Scouts of the first journey across the plains. On the morning of the Twenty-fourth, before the return of the Scouts on foot to the city, Mr. Smoot again spoke, urging the boys to be loyal to country, to Brigham Young and the Pioneers. Some of them, under the direction and leadership of Scout officials, were permitted to visit the canyon. The distance from the east side High School where the boys started, to the place at the foot of Little Mountain, where they camped, is eight miles. A number of the boys hiked both ways, after sleeping on the refreshing hills over night.



*Dr. Taylor and Scoutmasters, and Pioneer Smoot in the Center*

Junius F. Wells, Edward H. Anderson, Thomas Hull, Bryant S. Hinckley, Lewis T. Cannon, Nephi Anderson, George J. Cannon, and LeRoy C. Snow were the members of the General Board in attendance. The company were in charge of Dr. John H. Taylor, scout commissioner. Everybody voted it one of the pleasantest times they had ever experienced. One of the prettiest sights in the world was the rising of the full moon over the mountains while the company were on the summit.

Pioneer Smoot, some eighty-six years of age, refused a special bed and insisted on sleeping on the ground with the boys. He said he is the last remaining member of the Nauvoo Legion.

### Suggestive Preliminary Program

*For October—Courage*

Declamation, Paul's Defense Before Agrippa," Acts 26.

Address, "Courage to Defend the Gospel."

The 'Marseillaise.' Any good edition, to be sung in two parts, key of G.

# PASSING EVENTS

*A reconstruction hospital of an 8000-bed unit is to be established at Fort Douglas for the western department of the army.*

*The Brigham Young University, Provo, has been designated as a student army training corps unit, in which all young men over 18 and not in the military draft may be enrolled.*

*Raids by the German U-boats on fishing smacks and merchant vessels continued periodically during the month of August, on the Atlantic coast, the raids being of little consequence to overseas shipping under direction of the U. S. shipping board, and so far with no effect upon military transports which have landed about 150,000 troops per month in French ports.*

*Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest son of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, was killed in action in France about the middle of July. He had recently been cited as a hero in battles with three enemy airplanes one of which he brought down. Later the machine which he was flying was reported as having fallen behind the German lines from a great height, and his death was later confirmed by information dropped by German airplanes into the American lines.*

*Utah has 18,097 men serving in the army forces of the United States, including the draft calls filled for August, aggregating 1,874. The total number of volunteers is 8,562, and those called under the draft 9,535, making a grand total of 18,097. It was announced in early August that in all probability more than 10,000 Utah boys are now serving on overseas duties, 6,000 of whom are in the 91st division somewhere on the western front in France. Two regiments of this division, the 361st and the 362nd are largely made up of Utah boys.*

*The Czecho-Slovak forces in Siberia will be aided by Japan, it is reported, according to the American plan, in offering commercial and industrial assistance to Russia not controlled by the Germans. The whole Russian situation is in a chaotic condition, but affairs were seemingly approaching a crisis that it will be difficult for Germany to meet. Major-General Wm. S. Graves has been assigned by the war department to command the A. E. F., which with a Japanese force will guard Vladivostok as a supply base for the Czecho-Slovak forces in Russia. Two infantry regiments of the regular army will be sent from the Philippines supplemented by other United States troops.*

*Elder Marion E. Woolley, son of former President and Mrs. E. D. Woolley, Kanab, Utah, and laboring as a missionary at Brisbane, Australia, died there on June 10, following an operation for appendicitis. He arrived in Sydney, February 21, 1917, since which he was actively engaged in missionary work up to June 6, when he took sick. His body was brought home and funeral services were held in Kanab, July 27. Elder Woolley was twenty-three years of age. He was a graduate of the Branch Agricultural College at Cedar City, and had been in Australia about eighteen months. According to the testimony of his missionary companions President and Sister R. D. Miller, David Carr, and President Chas. C. Tayn, who attended him and who were at his bedside when he peacefully passed away, he had*

performed a good mission and was well liked by all who knew him, and died with a strong testimony of the gospel, and abiding faith in the work of the Lord.

*The fifth Great German Drive*, begun on the morning of July 15, was effectively resisted by counter-attacks of the Americans and French during the weeks following; beginning July 18. The Germans were caught in a triangle with Soissons, Rheims, and Chateau-Thierry as the points, and the severest fighting of the war took place during the days following up to and including August. The Americans stood their grounds with heroic valor, and on the 18th of July they, and the French, began an offensive against the Germans over thirty miles front driving them back from the river Marne. At Chateau-Thierry and on up the line the American fighting forces with the French offered such magnificent resistance to the Boche forces that they were finally driven north to the Vesle. The British made successful attacks in the Picardy and Montdidier sectors, captured many prisoners and guns. The German drive was a complete failure.

*Lieutenant O. R. Clark*, of Farmington, Utah, passed through Salt Lake City, July 19, in charge of an Italian contingent of soldiers numbering four hundred. These soldiers were taken prisoners while fighting with the Austrian army, and were on their way to an eastern port from which they will embark for Europe to participate further in the war, but on the side of the Allies this time. The Red Cross Canteen served light refreshments for the visitors, and an official reception committee met the soldiers at the train. These soldiers are really subjects of Austria, but were conscripted into the war service by Emperor Francis Joseph, at the outbreak of the war, ordered to the Italian front, refused to fight the Italians, were then ordered to join the Austrian forces on the Russian front, were taken prisoners, surrendered to the Russians, and when Russia dropped out of the war made their way to the Siberian coast, finally reaching China where the Italian minister arranged for the transportation of the company overseas to San Francisco. Their short stay in Salt Lake City was made very pleasant. They were served luncheon, and the Red Cross Canteen served them Utah cherries while from the store connected with the Italian delegation a huge supply of imported Italian spaghetti was sent to the company's cook.

*Field Marshal Herman Von Eichhorn*, imperial Prussian bloodhound and dictator of Ukraine, and his adjutant, Captain Von Dressler, were killed by a bomb in Kiev, July 30. Eichhorn was born on February 13, 1848, at Bresslau. He entered the army in 1866. The assassin was a young lad of twenty-three years, a tool of the social revolutionists in Moscow. Eichhorn when the war broke out was assigned to the Russian front where he remained with great success until Russia's collapse. After the Ukraine had received its so-called independence, he was retained in Ukraine as virtual dictator, bringing about the overthrow of its government, confiscating the stores of food in Ukraine, adopting ruthless measures against the peasants who opposed the confiscating, and succeeded in getting a large number to uphold his tyranny. He placed the whole republic, so-called, under German martial law, and arrested members of the ministry who he said were conspiring against the Central Powers. He gave them a good taste of independence under the Germans. It is hoped that some day the Russians will come to their senses, and instead of acting foolishly by taking off one war devil after another, singly, form an army, drill it well, and stand up for their rights. In the case of Mirbach, who was assassinated a month before, the German government asked for an apology from the Bolshevik government, which is to all intents and purposes a handy tool of the German government, and in conformity with the request the Bolshevik humbly apologized and regretted.



*Died in Service*

*Lieut. Harold E. Kinne*, Orafino, Idaho, was reported killed in action, August 3.

*Russell Perr*, Encampment, Wyo., was reported killed in action, August 6.

*Frederick Bell*, of Elsinore, Utah, was included in the casualty list of July 28.

*William C. Layton*, Layton, Utah, was reported dead of accident in the casualty list at August 8.

*Private Marion Hartenblower*, Caldwell, Idaho, was reported, August 7, dead of wounds received in action.

*Wm. O. Thompson*, Sterling, Utah, was reported killed in action in France, according to the casualty list of August 5.

*Lieut. Roger Harvey Clapp*, aviator, son of Knight L. Clapp, Salt Lake City, was killed in action in France, according to word received July 25, 1918. He was 26 years old and unmarried and had resided in Salt Lake City ten years.

*Lorenzo Frederickson*, age 26, son of Mrs. R. Nelson, Salt Lake City, was reported killed in action. He went from Camp Lewis with the 145th machine gun battalion, December, 1917. He was called with the National Army at Dubois, Idaho, September, 1917.

*George Lockhart and Dan Lockhart, Jr.*, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Lockhart of Wallsburg, Wasatch county, Utah, were killed in France at the front, according to information received at Provo. The former on June 11 and the latter, July 4. Word was received August 2, by the father, from the adjutant-general.

*Private Frank E. Peterson*, of Snyderville, lost his life on the western front in France some time in June. Recent word received shows that he was carrying a rifle with two ammunition carriers following him. Both carriers fell wounded. Peterson added their lifts to his already heavy burden until he reached the position to which he was ordered. In this place he held his own until the fatal bullet struck him.

*George L. Young*, twenty-four years old, son of Mrs. Margaret Young, Salt Lake City, was killed in action in the Soissons-Rheims salient, according to news received in Salt Lake City, July 30. He was born in Park City and came to Salt Lake City with his family about fifteen years ago. He enlisted in the Marine Corps, June 4, 1917. He is survived by his mother and three brothers and two sisters, all residents of Salt Lake City.

*Guy Thomas*, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas, of Price, Utah, was shot through both hips June 6 and died, according to word received by his parents, July 25. He was in the heavy fighting with the Marines on the western front in France. He was twenty-two years of age, enlisted in Salt Lake July, 1917; went to Mare Island on the 29th; to Quantico, Va., November 9, and overseas February 8, 1918.

*Grant H. Lyman*, son of Francis M. and Susan D. Lyman, and grandson of Amasa Mason and Louisa Maria Lyman, died of wounds received in action on the Western front, June 17, 1918, word having been received to that effect June 27, 1918. Grant H. Lyman was born in Fillmore, Millard county, May 10, 1896, and was baptized August 21, 1904, by his father. Ordained a deacon December 5, 1910. He attended the public schools and the Millard High School, at Fillmore. He enlisted in the army and joined the Marines, leaving home May 5, 1917. Went to Mare Island, California, from whence he was transferred in August, 1917, to Quantico, Virginia, leaving there January 17, 1918, for Europe, where he landed safely on the 7th of February, 1918.



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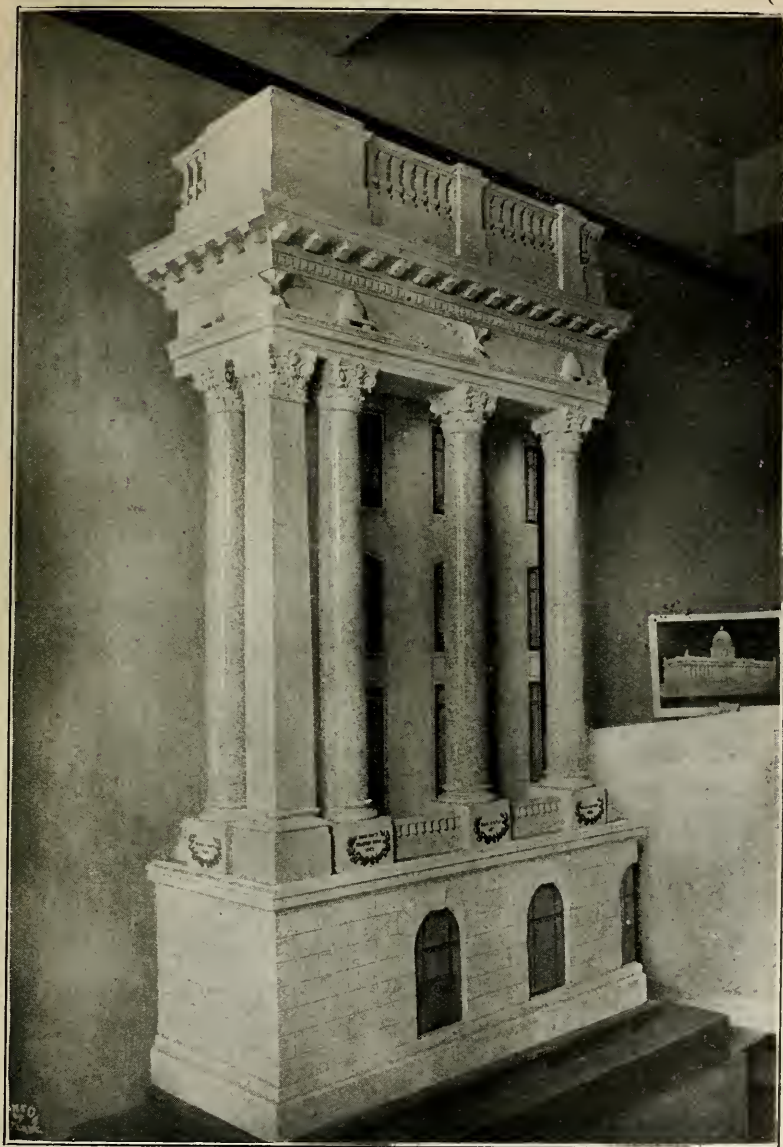


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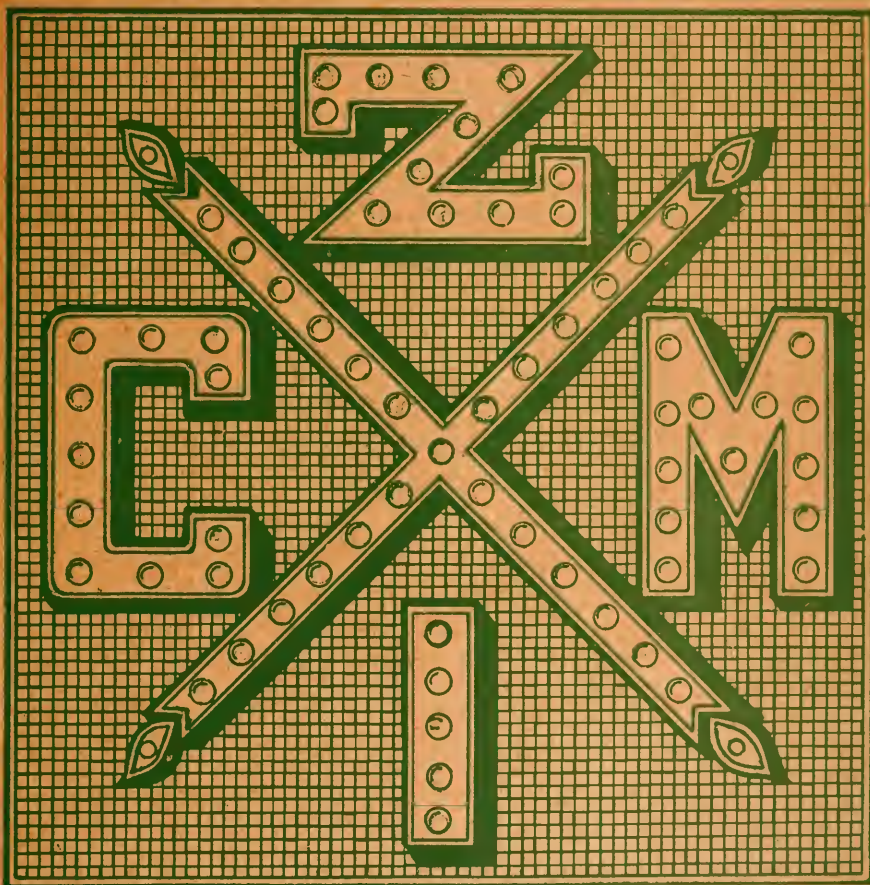


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